McKean County Miner.

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KILLED ON THE SHAWMUT NEAR SMETHPORT.

Fireman, W. Brown Meets Terrible Fate at Comes Station.

BODY FOUND IN MARVIN CREEK.

Knocked from Cab by Some Obstruction When No One Was Looking—Engineer Discovers His Absence a Short Time Afterward—Had Been Married Only About Two Weeks.

W. Brown, a fireman on a Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad freight train was instantly killed near Comes station, about four miles from this borough at an early hour Tuesday morning.

Brown was firing on a freight train that passed Comes at about four o'clock that morning and shortly after passing over the bridge over Marvin creek at that place the engineer, whose name we are unable to learn, missed his fireman. As the engineer had noticed his assistant shortly before crossing the bridge, he backed the train down to the bridge and a short search by the train crew was awarded by finding Brown's lifeless body in about three feet of water under the bridge.

No one knows just how the fatal accident happened but it is supposed that Brown was leaning out of the cab and before he realized that they were on the bridge, he was struck by one of the supports and knocked into the creek.

The unfortunate man's skull was fractured and there was a terrible laceration on his forehead. After he was struck he was undoubtedly rendered unconscious and if his injuries did not kill him instantly he was drowned before he sufficiently regained consciousness to help himself.

His body was taken onto the train and as soon as a telegraph station was reached Coroner E. R. Sherman was notified, who when hearing the facts did not consider an inquest necessary.

The deceased was a young man who had only been married about two weeks. His remains were taken to Brookville, Pa., where he resided for burial.

Death of an Aged Resident.

Mrs. Sarah Kinney died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. Perry, of Clermont, on Monday, August 15, 1910.

The subject of this sketch was born in Yorkshire, England, on January 23, 1833, and at the time of her death was aged 77 years, 6 months and 23 days. She came with her parents to America in 1851. In 1853 she was united in marriage to Timothy Kinney of Otsego county, New York. In 1856 they moved to Pennsylvania and located on Marvin creek.

To them were born six children, three of them who survive. They are: Mrs. A. Perry of Clermont; William Kinney of Kasson, and Mrs. Elvira Stone of Derruyter, N. Y.

The funeral was held at Clermont on Wednesday, August 17. Rev. J. H. McCandless of Smethport officiating. The remains were laid at rest in the Kasson cemetery.

"Shed no more tears for they uselessly fall;
God thought it best her pure soul to recall;
You will meet her again if you trust Him for all;
Peace to thee, Mother!"

GRANGE PICNIC.

McKean County Grange Hold Annual Picnic and Field Day Sports at Coryville Yesterday.

Although the weather was threatening and heavy clouds promised to open their flood gates at any moment a large crowd from various parts of the county assembled at the spacious picnic grounds at Coryville to participate in the picnic and field day sports of the McKean County Grange. The crowd perhaps was not quite as large as last year when it was estimated that fully 2000 people were present, but what was lacking in numbers was fully made up in enthusiasm and good spirit.

The Eldred band was on hand and rendered numerous selections during the day and we want to say it is one of the best musical organizations in this section.

The field day sports started at eleven o'clock in the morning and some good sports were included in the program. The events, winners and prizes follow:

The picnic dinner was served at noon and lasted until the opening of the literary program at 1:30 p. m. Baskets laden with all the delicacies of the farm and markets were in profusion and all enjoyed the feast hugely.

The literary program was given in the grove and was opened with a selection by the band followed by an invocation. Next came music by the Wood Brothers quartette which was well received. State Master, Hon. Wm. T. Creasy, then followed with one of the most stirring addresses ever delivered by that able gentleman, "Farmer Creasy," as he is known throughout the state, is not a silver tongued orator, but a strong, forceful talker whose words have the ring of truthfulness and carry conviction to his hearers. Music by the Wood Brothers quartette and the Eldred band followed this address. Then Hon. John A. McSparran of Farness, Pa., was introduced and delivered a very able address which was carefully followed by the large audience. His speech certainly made a big hit with the people. The program closed with music by the band.

The members of the Grange and all others who are fortunate enough to attend these picnics not only spend a very pleasant day, but derive much benefit from such meetings. May they continue to live and grow as the years go on.

ELKS AT BRADFORD.

The Curtiss Aeroplane Flew and a Big Time is Being Had.

The Elks annual convention being held in Bradford this week is a great success. Large crowds are in attendance and the weather proving favorable all are having the best kind of a time, for Bradford always does things right.

The big attraction on Tuesday was the flight of Charles E. Willard in a Curtiss aeroplane. The wind was rather high and gusty but he made a short trial trip, returned to the barn and after an hour, made a flight of about a mile, circled and came back to the place of beginning. The only accident was a slight injury to one of the three wheels when he first touched the ground in his final descent. Thousands of people witnessed the feat and all were well pleased with the performance. In the evening the fantastic parade made a big hit.

Yesterday business meetings were held and in the evening the oil men of this county had a parade which was unusually large, showing practically all the apparatus used in producing oil.

To-day the big event will wind up with a parade of Elks and a dance in the evening for the members of that noble order and their ladies.

Death of Mrs. Julia Colvin.

Mrs. Julia Colvin was born in Belfast, N. Y., on the 28th of January, 1849, and died in Cuba, N. Y., on Thursday, August 18th, 1910.

Mrs. Colvin had been married previous to her marriage to Mr. Colvin about fourteen years ago. By the former marriage she had three children who survive her: Elmer Fairchilds of Coryville, Mrs. John A. Sparks of Coryville and Mrs. A. F. Rice of this borough.

Mr. and Mrs. Colvin moved to this place about four years ago from Ridgway. They had formerly resided here. Last May the family moved to Cuba, N. Y., where they were living at the time of Mrs. Colvin's death. Mrs. Colvin had not been in good health for some years, suffering more or less constantly with a disorder of the stomach. This was finally diagnosed as cancer of the stomach and it was this that caused her death.

The body was brought here Friday evening last, and the funeral service was held from the home of A. F. Rice on Mill street. The service was in charge of the Rev. J. M. Shank of the Methodist Episcoal church of Cuba, N. Y., assisted by the Rev. W. A. Harris. The buiral was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Colvin had many friends here who will deeply mourn the loss of a most estimable woman and a kind and loving neighbor.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

SMETHPORT TEAM WINS TENNIS CUP.

Third Successive Year, We Win the Double Cup.

NEWMAN AND REDFIELD VICTORS.

Newman Loses to E. S. Armstrong in the Finals for the Singles Trophy—Next Tournament to be Held in Erie.

E. T. Newman and S. F. Redfield were winners of the cup for doubles in the Northwestern Pennsylvania Tennis tournament held at Lock Haven last week, by winning out in the finals played off last Friday.

In the first match Newman and Redfield defeated Irvin Armstrong and Quigley of Lock Haven, 6-4, 9-7. In the second they defeated Black and Bauer of St. Marys, 6-2, 6-1.

In the meantime E. E. Lane and C. R. Armstrong of Bellefonte defeated C. McMichael and A. Mulhaupt of St. Marys, 6-4, 6-3. L. M. Hayes and J. Newman of Lock Haven defeated Harold Hue and M. D. Crary of Warren, 7-5, 6-3. W. M. Black and W. G. Bauer of St. Marys defeated C. A. Risdon and H. A. Campbell of Kane, 6-2, 6-4. E. E. Lane and C. R. Armstrong of Bellefonte defeated L. M. Hayes and J. Newman of Lock Haven, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

This brought the doubles down to the finals in which Newman and Redfield defeated C. R. Armstrong and E. E. Lane of Lock Haven in an exciting contest which gave them the trophy. Score: 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-1.

In the singles T. G. Lyte, Kane, defeated W. M. Bauer, St. Marys, 6-2, 6-3; C. R. Armstrong, Lock Haven, defeated Jerry Newman, Bellefonte, 6-4, 6-3; E. S. Armstrong, Lock Haven, defeated H. A. Campbell, Kane, 7-5, 4-6, 7-5; C. A. Risdon, Kane, defeated C. McMichael, St. Marys, 6-1, 6-3; W. M. Black, St. Marys, defeated O. R. K. Thompson, Williamsport, 6-3, 4-6, 6-2; E. T. Newman, Smethport, defeated L. M. Hayes, Lock Haven, 7-5, 6-2; E. E. Lane, Bellefnote, defeated Stanley Talbot, Williamsport, 6-4, 9-7; T. G. Lyte, Kane, defeated C. R. Armstrong, Lock Haven, 9-7, 4-6, 9-7; E. E. Lane Bellefonte, defeated R. S. Quigley, Lock Haven, 6-3, 8-6, 6-2; E. S. Armstrong, Lock Haven, defeated T. G. Lyte, Kane, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4; E. T. Newman, Smethport, defeated M. D. Crary, Warren, 6-2, 6-0.

These results brought this match down to the finals between E. S. Armstrong of Lock Haven and E. T. Newman of Smethport, and resulted in a hard fought victory for Mr. Armstrong. The score was: 3-6, 7-5, 7-5, 6-1, 6-3.

At this meeting is was decided to hold the tournament next year in Erie. The visiting tennis players and their friends were royally entertained by the home players and all speak in the highest terms of Lock Haven and its people.

House for Rent or Sale.

Will rent very reasonable to the right party. Inquire of

H. C. WELLS.

MR. SIBLY WITHDRAWS.

His Resignation Was Made Public on Monday Last.

Two dispatches from Franklin, dated Aug. 23, are as follows:

Former Congressman Joseph C. Sibley, Republican nominee for congress from the Twenty-eighth district, announced his withdrawal from the contest last night. Mr. Sibley defeated Congressman N. P. Wheeler for the nomination and upon the filing of $42,500 as election expenses, an audit of Mr. Sibley's account was demanded and ordered by the courts. Scores of witnesses had been summoned to appear before Judge Criswell in an action to start next Monday.

In a public statement Mr. Sibley assigns ill health as his reason for withdrawing. It is said that Congressman Wheeler probably will be selected by the conferees appointed to fill the vacancy.

More sensational than the resignation yesterday of Joseph C. Sibley, as Republican candidate for Congress in the 28th district, was his arrest today, on a charge of conspiracy to corrupt and debauch the voters of Warren county at the primary election. He has been cited to appear at Warren on Friday for a preliminary hearing.

There are four other defendants, as follows: Frank H. Taylor, Sibley's private secretary; George B. Munn, C. B. Crandall and D. V. Howard, all prominent business men of Warren, who conducted Mr. Sibley's campaign in that county. All must appear Friday. Mr. Taylor said to-night he would go, but that the doctor had forbidden Mr. Sibley's going.

The information against Sibley and his co-defendants is not specific, simply alleging conspiracy to debauch voters and citing the amount of money that Munn, Howard and Crandall received. Mr. Sibley paid them $17,800 it is alleged.

That the prosecution is non-partisan, but was commenced in the interests of good citizenship, was the statement made to-night by D. I. Ball, a prominent attorney who drew the information.

While Walter Page, a constable, appears as prosecutor, the action is brought by the Warren County Civic League, composed of Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists. Mr. Hall says that Sibley's Democratic opponent, William J. Breene, had nothing to do with the prosecution.

Sibley's withdrawal will not halt the prosecution in the least. The information is drawn under the common law and the penalty is fine and imprisonment, either or both, at the discretion of the court.

Sibley says the charge is ridiculous for he could not have committed a crime in Warren county when he was sick in bed in Venango county.

For Sale.

Pennsylvania Type C. Four Cylinder Touring Car, 1909, Five Passenger. Cost fully equipped, $3500.00. Will sell for half. Run less than 6,000 miles. Tires new. Overhauled and repainted at factory last winter.

Address MELVILLE GILLETT.
Aug. 25-tf. Smethport, Pa.

Girl Wanted.

For general housework at John Hewitt's farm. 'Phone 2-F-12.

COME TO THE McKEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES.

Greatest Event of the Kind Ever Held in this County.

COMPLETE PROGRAM NOW READY.

Something Doing Every Minute and Every Patron Will Get Full Value For His Money—Remember the Dates Are September 6, 7, 8 & 9th—The Day the Automobile Will Be Given Away.

Everything is now in readiness for the Sixth Annual Great McKean County Fair & Races which will be held at the grounds of the Fair association here four days, commencing Tuesday, September 6, 1910. There is probably no other subject as interesting as the fair to our readers for this week and we propose to give all the information available about it. From the first we have consistently supported the policies of the Association and to-day we feel a great measure of satisfaction as we realize that the management of our Fair is succeeding in its great undertaking and this county boasts now an annual Fair second to none in Northern Pennsylvania. The people generally are coming to understand that this project was promoted and is carried on by a few public spirited men of this county solely in the interests of the betterment of agricultural and stock raising conditions of this county.

It annually furnishes a place where every person who raises, grows or makes anything may bring it and compare it with the products of his or her neighbor. The history of other fairs shows the great results that come to a community by these methods. The fair is doing a noble work in a big unselfish way. It is worthy the support of the liberal and progressive people of the county and it is receiving it. We will speak now of the educational part of this year's fair. In the first place the management has prepared a place for exhibits of all kinds and as a result it brings together large exhibits of pure-blooded horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and garden vegetables, grains, fruits, canned and preserved articles of all kinds, butter, cheese, fancy work and women's handiwork of all kinds. The Educational Department shows the progress pupils in the schools of the county are making. In the Juvenile Department an effort is made to stimulate the young that they may learn early in life how to make something grow out of the ground or how to turn their talents to useful purposes. Here will be found what the boys and girls can make grow, pumpkins, potatoes, corn, etc., and also their collections of coins and stamps, and the kind of cookies, bread and cake the girls can make.

This work is being carried on very successfully by the Granges in many places. It is a noble work and should appeal to every person in the county. Then there are different industrial exhibits—last year the brick industry of the county was well shown up.

There will be many exhibits of interest in this department and large displays of farm machinery. An exhibit of much educational interest this year will be by the State Department at Harrisburg. Regarding this exhibit the following letter to Secretary McCoy is self explanatory:

Mr. Guy McCoy, Sec.,
McKean County Fair Association,
Smethport, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of recent date, I beg to say that in compliance with your request I am preparing an exhibit of work of this Division which will include spraying apparatus of all kinds, insecticides and fungicides, sprayed and unsprayed fruits, maps, charts and photograps, and a demonstrator to take charge of this exhibit, deliver lectures, explain the use of apparatus and chemicals, distribute literature, determine and identify specimens, prescribe treatment, etc. If possible I shall be present myself, but this I can not promise as I am overwhelmed with work at this time. At any rate our demonstrator will be able to deliver such public lectures as you think best at all times.

Yours very truly,
H. A. SURFACE,
Economic Zoologist.

This section of Pennsylvania is pre-eminently adapted to fruit raising and here will be an object lesson that every farmer should study and heed. Mr. Surface is an expert in his line and the Fair Association is indeed fortunate to have him interested in this way.

The man or woman who wants to learn should be on hand when the judging is done at the fair. The management spares no expense to secure men of broad experience and training to do this work. This year the cattle, swine, etc., will be judged by an expert from the Department of Animal Husbandry, State College. An effort is being made to secure a very noted man to judge the horses, from the University of Pennsylvania, Veterinary Department.

It is expected that Mr. Surface will assist on the judging of fruit and if so he will classify fruit as it belongs and give instructions regarding proper classification that will be of much value to all so fortunate as to hear him. The flower exhibit this year promises to be unusually good. John R. Watkins-Law has this Department in charge and every one taking flowers to the fair may rest assured that they will be properly taken care of.

Before passing over this matter of exhibits let us again suggest to our readers to take something to the fair. If every one would take even ever so little it would materially help the fair. Regarding making entries, the Secretary requests us to state that the office is now open in the Raymen building and a large force of help is ready to answer all questions and assist in making entries. The entries will positively close Saturday night before the fair at ten o'clock, and under no circumstances will entries be received or can they be made afterwards. Leave or mail in the list of entries you wish to enter by that time. The exhibitor's fee need not accompany the entry blank, but may be paid on Tuesday at the grounds when the exhibitor's ticket will be

(Continued on Page 8.)

Scene from Last Year, Showing Part of Parade.

THE MUSKET'S DOUBLE LOAD.

An Unfaithful Alcalde Pays the Price of His Infamy.

By V. BLASCO IBANEZ.

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Sento was about to open the front door of his house when he perceived a paper in the keyhole. It was an anonymous letter and a threatening one. The letter demanded forty duros, which must be deposited that night in the oven which stood in front of Sento's house.

These bandits terrorized all the land contiguous to Valencia. If those who received such missives failed to comply with the demands contained in

THE OLD MAN LIGHTED SEVERAL BLESSED CANDLES.

them they would suddenly find their fields destroyed, their houses sacked and themselves exposed to the danger of being suffocated by the flames when their thatched roofs would spread sickening and poisonous fumes.

Gafaro, the bravest lad of Ruzafa, had sworn to discover the malefactors. Every night his gun across his arm, he concealed himself in a bunch of bushes or traversed the roads. One morning some one found his corpse in a brook, his body riddled with balls and his head crushed in.

All the people in Valencia reported the facts regarding the crime and roused the fears of the residents of the huerta so that from then on every householder closed his house with locks and bolts and forgot his neighbors in selfish fear. The alcalde of the district answered in thunderous tones when the authorities, respecting his electoral powers, entered into discussion of this matter. He destroyed that he and Skiro, his faithful alguazil, were quite sufficient to put an end to such a calamity and scandal.

Nevertheless Sento did not think of going to the alcalde. He was not a man of vain words.

That of which he was certain was that some one had ordered him to place the forty duros in the oven and threatened to burn his little home if he failed to do so. He loved that little house as a father loves a dying son. The walls were of a dazzling whiteness, the thatch of sunburned straw which covered it, with the little crosses at each point in the thatched roof, the blue shutters, the trellis at the door like a sash, where the golden sunbeams filtered through the green vines; the masses of Don Pedro geraniums bordering the trellis in rich banks, tall and thick. Besides, there beyond the old fig tree stood the oven made of clay and tiles, round and low and shaped like the ants' nests in Africa. All this combined made his fortune, the nest which sheltered his dearest affections, his wife and their three children.

How many days of labor with his pick and shovel he had done in his four fields to earn the little handful of duros! How many years his ancestors had toiled to make this little home what it had become! The handful of money he had hidden in a small clay jar and buried beneath his bed. And now he must allow himself to be pilloged of forty duros!

As the night was falling and he had not yet decided upon anything he went to his nearest neighbor, an old man who had lived and worked so long that now he could do nothing more than cut the weeds and brambles by the roadside, but who was said by those who had known him in his youth to have enriched more than one field.

The old man listened with his eyes fixed upon the fat cigarette which he rolled between his calloused and shaking fingers. His words were wise. "You are right not to give up your money. Let them come out in the road like men, face to face, risking their skins. I am seventy years old, but they don't dare try such foolishness on me. Let us see, Sento. You are too much of a coward to defend your own?"

This firm assurance penetrated the rather sluggish brain of Sento, and he felt capable of anything for the sake of keeping the means of assuring bread to his children.

With as great solemnity as though it had been a saintly relic the old man drew from behind the door the treasure of his house, an old flintlock musket, and he caressed its worm eaten stock.

He loaded it himself. He knew that old friend better than any one. His stiffened hands grew limber and young as he handled the old gun—a handful of powder and wadding made of turned rope and now the charge of balls (buckshot they were), double and more than he would have put in had the game been other than what he expected it would be, and all rammed down hard and tight. He had a score to pay as well as Sento; but, being a wise man, he had never told of his forced contribution. But now he put more than buckshot into the gun. He put hate and vengeance in it. He put death in it. He put all the malice of an impotent person in it. Oh, yes; the gun was well loaded for its work! If the gun did not burst with its double load it would be almost a miracle. The old man lighted several blessed candles and set them before his patron saint. This duty done, he awaited events.

Sento closed his house that evening carefully and while it was still light went to the old man. A short time later, by the light of the stars, Sento watched the old man place the gun. To avoid every chance of missing he wished to give Sento the last instructions—to aim straight at the old oven's mouth and to be calm. When the bandits stooped to seek the money he was to fire. A child could not miss them.

Upon the advice of the old man Sento hid himself behind the masses of the geraniums in the shadow of the house. Then he must wait patiently until they came. And hours passed—centuries rather.

Suddenly the frogs in the ponds beyond stopped their croaking. Then through the paths came two shapeless figures, which seemed to him to be two enormous dogs. They were crouching to hide below the hedges. Finally he could see that they were two men crouching almost double.

"There they are!" he muttered through his chattering teeth.

Every moment they turned, looking about, fearing to be surprised. They inspected the masses of bushes and geraniums and even approached the door to the house and listened at the keyhole. All these maneuvers had brought them near Sento twice, but he could not tell who they were. He held the barrel of the gun firmly. His courage grew stronger. These must be the murderers of poor Gafaro. He must kill them in self defense.

They reached the oven. One of them stooped and thrust his hand into the oven, occupying exactly the firing line. The shot would be superb. But what of the other one who would be free?

Sento began to feel the anguish of fear, and his forehead was moist with cold sweat. Killing one, he would be disarmed before the other. And if he allowed them to return with empty hands they would burn his house at least.

Finally the one who was watching, impatient at the slowness of his companion, rejoined him. In one sole dark mass the two men stood searching the deep oven. That was the psychological moment, and Sento, setting his teeth, fired.

When that gun was discharged the whole huerta felt the concussion. A

THE TWO MEN STOOD SEARCHING THE DEEP OVEN.

tempest of barks and cries followed. Sento's wife ran down with a lamp in her hand. The detonation had roused her, and she feared her husband was killed, as had been poor Gafaro.

The feeble light of the lamp was carried here and there by Sento's wife. He was lying half stunned back among his geraniums by the force of the "kick," and it was Pepita who found the two bodies, one lying across the other and both dead.

The shot had told, and the aim had been just. The old gun had carried its double load.

When, with a great curiosity, the faces of the two men were uncovered by the neighbors they drew back, stupefied. It was the Alcalde Falcade and his alguazil, Skiro.

From that night on the huerta was without an alcalde, but no longer under the fear of the unknown bandits who had so terrorized them.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. W. G. Beggs of Seattle, Wash., has succeeded in growing a beautiful rose whose stem is smooth like that of a lily.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland and her daughters and son returned recently from Europe, where she has spent the past year, most of the time in Lausanne, Switzerland, where the children were in school.

Mrs. Catherine Van Voorhis of Rochester is said to have made the largest flag that ever floated over the capitol at Washington. She attended the suffrage convention recently held in Washington and in spite of her eighty years took part in all the proceedings.

Mrs. Virginia Hamersley Field has obtained permission to visit and give spiritual advice to condemned prisoners in the death house of Sing Sing prison. Mrs. Field has been conducting a Bible class at Sing Sing prison for twenty years.

The smallest grandmother in the world is Mrs. Minnie Myers of Fort Myers, Fla., who is seventy-five years old. She is twenty-seven and a half inches tall and weighs thirty-two pounds. She has been the mother of three children, the daughter with whom she now lives being a woman of average height. Mrs. Myers spends most of her time with her two grandchildren.

The Royal Box.

Queen Mary, consort of King George V. of England, is an admirable linguist. She speaks French, German and Italian excellently.

Crown Prince Ferdinand von Hohenzollern of Roumania is a keen soldier and very popular with the Roumanians. His wife, who was the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, is one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

Yusuf Izzeddin Effendi, heir apparent to the Ottoman empire, was made minister of war when he was eighteen years of age. He was born in 1857. He was deprived of most of the large fortune left him by his father through the displeasure of Abdul Hamid, but he has gradually recovered it and is now said to be one of the wealthiest men in Turkey.

Current Comment.

So long as the man bird needs gasoline the other birds have the laugh.—Chicago Post.

An official dentist has been appointed for the Missouri penitentiary. Apparently the old forms of torture for convicts are considered inadequate.—St. Paul Dispatch.

"The gentleman from Arizona" and "the gentleman from New Mexico" will soon figure in that well known humorous publication, the Congressional Record.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The treasury department says there are not enough small banknotes in circulation. Republicans, Democrats, insurgents and Socialists will agree with the administration in this particular.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pert Personals.

With $100,000 reward in sight, Richard Parr is very certain that honesty is the best policy.—Baltimore Sun.

One thing the Wright brothers cannot do, and that is collect royalty on Charles K. Hamilton's nerve.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

One of the men who tried to Black Hand Caruso was convicted. But who is going to prosecute Caruso for holding up the American people?—St. Louis Star.

Frank Jay Gould intends to make France his permanent home, but he will as cheerfully as possible use American dividends in keeping up his French establishments.—Chicago News.

Three Trees.

A ten-year-old clove tree will produce about twenty pounds annually.

The mahogany is the most exclusive of known trees, single specimens growing here and there throughout tropical forests on an average of two to an acre.

In Germany the linden tree is fairly held sacred, and the Russians regard it as the habitation of her highness the goddess of love. This very charming tree lives to a great age. Wurttemberg claims to have a wonder of a linden 1,000 years old.

English Etchings.

The British sovereign pays no rates or taxes.

The king of England has officially no surname.

The center of Ascot race course is laid out as golf links.

The gun carriage that has been used for carrying the coffins of both Victoria and Edward VII. will now be an object of popular interest in the courtyard of the Tower of London.

Recent Inventions.

Concrete beehives form the subject of a recent patent.

An ingenious French optician has invented a cane fitted with lenses and mirrors in such a manner that a user can see over the heads of a crowd in front of him.

A stomach telescope, invented by a London surgeon and in constant use in a hospital in that city, enables a doctor to see the exact condition of the entire interior of the stomach of a patient.

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences.

There may be seen along the roadsides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge, dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passageway is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.—Harper's Weekly.

Finding Mark Twain by Faith.

One evening a few years ago Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players club of New York, when the former made the suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at a time when Mr. Clemens was away traveling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe, so we had better put on a five cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter, which they addressed to "Mark Twain, God Knows Where."

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly, "He did." The letter had been sent by the New York postoffice to Harper & Bros., thence to Chatto & Windus of London, thence to a bank in Vienna and from the bank to the small town in Austria in which Mark Twain happened to be staying.—Bookman.

He Got Badly Left.

Experiences of a correspondent of a Nuremberg paper go to show that the German adulteration laws are drastic. He says: "A French friend sent me four bottles of burgundy. After paying the duty I was informed that all wine coming from abroad has to be analyzed. As my consignment included two kinds of wine a double analysis was necessary, and for this I paid a fee of $9.24. At the end of a week I received first a certificate attesting that my wine was pure and, second, the case in which the bottles were sent. I was also informed that two bottles had been required to form the basis of each analysis and that consequently there was no wine left. I am naturally grateful to the state for the precautions taken to guard my health, but I cannot help thinking I am entitled to the empty bottles. Surely these were not also analyzed."

Got His Receipt.

He had run up a small bill at the village store and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt. The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it ag'in?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."

One of the Natives.

A gentleman was once showing a countryman round a zoo, when they came to a cage containing a kangaroo.

"What is that?" inquired the countryman.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia!"

Immediately the countryman threw up his arms in horror, exclaiming, "Goodness gracious, my sister married one of them!"—London Telegraph.

Training For a Crash.

"That man is always anxious to get into the spot light," said the observant citizen.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but he doesn't discriminate. One of these days he's going to stand in front of a locomotive headlight and not realize his mistake till he is run over."—Washington Star.

Labouchere's Sarcasm.

Of Gladstone Henry Labouchere once remarked, "I do not object to Mr. Gladstone occasionally having an ace up his sleeve, but I do wish he would not always say that Providence put it there."

Father Knows.

She—Did you say anything to papa about your being too young? He—Yes. But he said when I once began to pay your bills I should age rapidly enough.—New York Journal.

Knew What His Few Days Meant.

Quackly—By the bye, have you got $10 about you that you don't need for a few days? Smackly—I have, but I might need it some time.—Exchange.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.—Franklin.

Her Kind Friend.

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively, but I thought you were just twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—Club Fellow.

Conditional.

"If I ask your father's consent will you marry me?"

"Well, it depends on how your face looks when you get through asking him."—Cleveland Leader.

Frozen Tales.

"I suppose everything must be frozen stiff at the pole."

"I guess so. At any rate, some pretty stiff stories are brought back."—New York Press.

No Waste of Energy.

Hubby—Don't you forget what your mother told you—you can't do too much for a good husband. Wife—I don't mean to try, old dear.—Illustrated Bits.

The angels that live with the young and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows are toil and truth and mutual faith.—Emerson.

"All Things Come."

The magnate looked up impatiently from his work.

"Well, my good man," he snapped at the diffident rural person who stood twirling his rusty hat, "what can I do for you?"

"I guess ye don't remember me, Hank," faltered the caller. "But you an' me use ter go swimmin' together in th' ol' town. Then you got a job in th' bank, an' I got a job in th' grocery store."

"This is all very interesting, and I seem to remember your face. But come to the point—my time is valuable."

"Yes, Hank. You got a better offer and left the old village. I stayed plugging along in th' grocery store."

"Well, well?"

"Well, Hank, when you left you owed $73.62 on a grocery bill. Here's where you pay up!"—Cleveland Leader.

Perfumes In Ancient Days.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans reveled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of Falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers after the battle of Cirrha refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses, while at the regatta of Baiae the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn with flowers.

Making a Lawn.

On his English tour an American was admiring the velvety smoothness of a certain sward, and, being possessed of land and an overpowering confidence that with money all things are possible, he asked the head gardener how to produce such a lawn. And the gardener said: "It's easy enough, sir. All you need do is to remove all the stones, plow up the ground, plant it with grass seed and roll it for 300 years."

Our Friends.

If we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence and even after death, in the amber of memory.—Cicero.

Couldn't Talk.

De Style—You say that loving pair of deaf mutes were sitting in the parlor and didn't carry on a conversation? Gunbusta—They couldn't; for they were holding hands.—New York Press.

I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck.—Addison

ANTI ACHE

Cures Headache In a Flash

quick and sure and absolutely safe

No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia

At all druggists, 10c & 25c

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

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Life, Fire & Accident

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Smethport, Pa.

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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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Call at my Store and look over my stock of

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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

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FRESH and SALT.

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Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
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Ask for rates and guaranteed values.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"

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There's every reason why you should. The sooner the better.

We Mean Occident Flour

And that is just what we mean when we talk FLOUR QUALITY. The Russell-Miller Milling Company offer—and we will fulfill their offer—to turn back money paid for OCCIDENT FLOUR if it doesn't prove the best the purchaser ever used. A pretty broad guarantee—BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO COME BACK FOR THE MONEY.

F. A. GREEN

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

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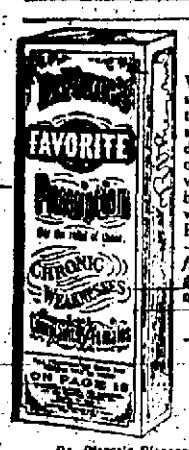
Go to Brasted's For CUT

FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.



Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription —*which saves the suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete, Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

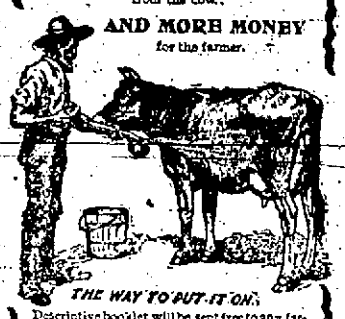
in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER
$1.00 per year in advance.

Cow-Ease

(Trade Mark Registered)

MEANS MORE MILK from the cow,
AND MORE MONEY for the farmer.



THE WAY TO PUT IT ON.

Descriptive booklet will be sent free to any farmer on application to the sole manufacturers,
CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

W. B. MEANS.

The McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1910.

Local and General.

—Getting ready for the Fair?

—Flannels are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—The oat crop is said to be unusually good in most sections this year.

—The Cory Interstate reunion was held at Murado Park Wednesday, August 17.

—Monheimer is going to quit carrying trunks. See his ad for price reductions.

—A cement crosswalk is being laid on East street at the intersection of Northumberland avenue.

—The Farmers Valley school opened Monday, August 22, and is taught by Miss Belle Boylston.

—A new cement walk is being laid in front of the Haskell lot on Main street opposite St. Luke's church.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The Lindholm Company announces in its advertisement this week that the Mid-Summer Clearance Sale closes next Saturday.

—Paul Smith of Mount Joy, Pa., who has only one arm is said to be an expert type setter on the Star and News of that place.

—The Reese family reunion is being held at Costello to-day and many from here and Farmers Valley are in attendance.

—A special meeting of Smethport Fire Department will be held to-morrow (Friday) night. All members are urged to be present.

—Miss Abbey N. Fuller and Mr. Clarence L. Orcutt of Holley, N. Y., were married recently at that place. The bride is a neice of Mrs. F. H. Freeman and has visited here where she has a number of friends who wish her a long life of happiness.

—There will be regular services at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. At the morning service there will be the observance of the Lord's Supper.

—Mr. Jewett was visited by burglars Thursday night when Soderquist's meat market was entered and about $20.00 worth of meats carried away.

—Mrs. W. L. Hunmar entertained a number of little ones and their mothers last Saturday afternoon in honor of the first birthday of their daughter, Elner.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup gave a house party form Saturday until Monday at their home in Norwich township. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin, Miss Dora Keenan and Ed Walker were among those present.

—At a preliminary shoot of the Bradford Gun Cub the early part of the week, L. E. Mallory of that city made a wonderful run, breaking all local records by "killing" 261 clay pigeons without a miss. This is a wonderful record for even a professional and as Mr. Mallory is an amateur he and his many friends have every reason to feel proud of this feat.

—About the worst curse in any town can be afflicted with is the man who loafs on the street corner and spends his time in fault-finding and in opposing every project for advancing the welfare of the community. He is a knocker from the moment he gets up in the morning until he goes to sleep at night and he keeps at it seven days in the week.—Sheffield Observer.

—D. B. Wasson of Johnsonburg will open a garage on or about September 1st in the Rooney barn on Water street, west of the Smethport Bottling works. Mr. Wasson is a thorough mechanic and automobile man and we anticipate he will do a good business here. He is agent for the Jackson, Sterns, and other well known automobiles.

—A boy has been seen in Venango county, near Franklin, who is thought to be Eddie Adams, the 8-year-old boy who disappeared from his home near Kane early last spring. He was seen traveling with a middle-aged foreigner. Mr. Adams has gone to Venango county, and, with the assistance of the police, is making a determined effort to recover his son.

Laid in a Stock.

When the late Pierre Lorillard was a boy, his mother, being annoyed by moths that destroyed the woolen clothing and other material of the household, agreed to pay him a cent apiece for every moth he would kill in the house and bring to her. The same bargain was made with his brothers, Jake, George and Louis. In course of time Mrs. Lorillard noticed that, while the other children collected from her at intervals from 10 to 25 cents, Pierre drew on her frequently for a $1 at a time, indorsing his drafts with 100 dead moths. Investigation revealed the bent of the future financier as well as his early adaptability to methods governing the acquirement of wealth. Having procured from a furrier some pieces of fur thrown away because they were infested with moths, Pierre secreted them in an old chest in an unused closet. There the quickly accumulating moths were banked, to be drawn upon whenever the inventor and perfecter of the enterprise required pocket money.

Knighted Actors.

It is an odd fact that of the English actors knighted all but one had first to legalize the names under which they had won fame. The question arose with the first proposition to confer knighthood on a player. It would be absurd so to honor one John Henry Brodribb. Yet legally no such person as "Henry Irving" existed. No such obstacle had to be overcome when, on the occasion of Victoria's diamond jubilee, Squire Bancroft knelt before his queen and arose sir squire. However, the three actors knighted by King Edward bore cognomens of their own invention. Sir Charles Wyndham was born Culverwell, and Sir John Hare, Fairs. As for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, his brilliant wife once put it: "'Tree' is a fantastic thing we just tacked on. We're all plain Beerbohms —plain as brother Max!"—Argonaut.

The Old English Prize Ring.

In the latter days of the English prize ring innumerable expedients had to be devised to bring off a fight. A favorite plan was to pitch the ring on the borders of two counties, so that the question of magisterial jurisdiction might be rendered difficult. Another plan was to charter a steamboat and proceed down the Thames to some lonely police forsaken spot in the marshes of Essex. For the memorable contest between Sayers and Heenan in 1860 a special train was run from London bridge to a secret destination. But the passengers, who comprised members of parliament, peers, pickpockets, pugilists, clergy and, it is said, a few bishops, cheerfully took tickets simply marked "excursion." They presently found themselves near Farnborough, in Surrey, where the fight occurred.—London Chronicle.

Original of Falstaff.

Sir John Fastolf was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff and in his day was a continual butt for the jests of the town and borough of Southwark. Though he had fought at Agincourt, when Jack Cade invaded the borough he showed great cowardice. When Cade was yet some way off Fastolf had armed and fortified his house and garrisoned it with veterans of the French wars. On the arrival of Cade, however, he withdrew his garrison and fled to the Tower, leaving his neighbors to the mercy of the rebels. Fastolf's matrimonial adventures seem also to have been another source of unpopularity, for, having married a widow named Scrope, he seized her property and kept his stepson out of his inheritance during his own lifetime.—London News.

"Great Expectations."

Charles Green, one of Dickens' illustrators, had two models, one of whom was a likable fellow, while the other, Gregory by name, was a greedy, self seeking character, always thinking of himself and his perquisites.

When Green was on his deathbed Gregory was very officious, and one day Green, noticing this, said to him:

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Gregory; got you down in my will."

At the funeral Gregory invested in a wreath and duly attended to hear the will read.

Green had kept his word, and the model was not forgotten.

"To my dear friend Gregory," ran the document, "I leave, for his kindness to me, an illustrated edition of 'Great Expectations.'"

Against His Principles.

"What was that man making such a fuss about?" asked the restaurant proprietor.

"He found a couple of hairs in the food, sir," replied the waiter.

"Oh, is that all?"

"You see, sir, he's a vegetarian, and you can't get him to eat anything but vegetables."—Yonkers Statesman.

Neatly Parried.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently been married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room.

"And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Exchange.

Easier.

"I'm going to the dentist's to have this tooth out. Just mind the baby till I come back." Husband (with alacrity)—You mind the baby, Jessie. I'll go and get a tooth pulled out!

Her Bait.

"You have to have different bait for different fish, don't you, ma?"

"I guess so. I know I caught a lobster with mistletoe."—New York Press.

Lower Californian Fish.

Barracouda, rock cod, halibut, white sea bass, rock bass, mackerel, whitefish and other varieties are said to abounded in the waters of Lower California.

The Poisonous Poppy.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind flows from the field toward him he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Wooden Heels.

The so called "French" heels for women's shoes are made by hand of birch wood that has been seasoned at least two years.

Beats Any Sunrise.

The rooster's crow does very well
As "music" now and then,
But the thing that stands for something
Is the cackle of the hen.
While the first may crow the sun up
We aren't likely to forget
That a fresh egg served for breakfast
Beats the finest sunrise yet.
—Christian Science Monitor.

His Record.

Buyer—I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog."

Dealer (with bull terrier)—Not a good watchdog? Why, bless your heart, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat out his brains with his tail.—Harper's Bazaar.

His Dearie.

"'Tis very nice
To kiss her twice,"
Said Andrew Jackson Carter,
"But, glory be,
So sweet is she,
Two times is just a starter!"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

If No Substitute Be Found.

Mrs. Dorkins (calling from top of stairway)—John, have you locked all the rubber shoes in the safe?

Mr. Dorkins—Yes.

Mrs. Dorkins—Well, tie the dog near the rubber plant and turn out the lights.—Chicago Tribune.

Speaking of Horns.

Two horns will make more noise, of course,
Than one will make, 'tis true;
The auto makes more noise with one
Than a cow can make with two.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Performance.

Ethel—The man I marry must be a hero, one who can beard the lion in his den.

Percy—I see. Kind of combination circus man and barber.—"The Merry Thought."

The Brute!

They tell it that he's "a savin' brute"—
No penny can pass him by.
He even says that a harnin' suit
Comes too amazin' high.
—Atlanta Constitution.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

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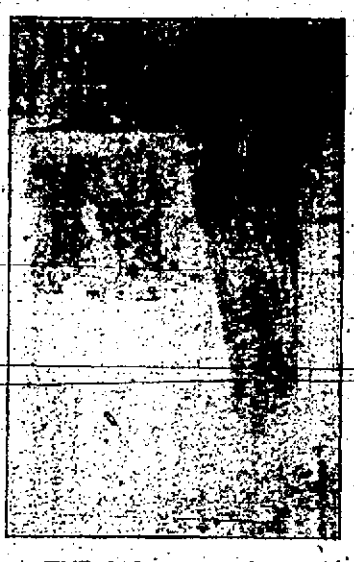

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AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,

BOTH FOR $1.60

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McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

One of the worst forest fires ever known in American history is raging in western Montana and eastern Idaho. The property loss, according to careful estimates, is already $20,000,000. The desperate efforts of 5,000 men to check the flames have been futile. It is now believed the death list will exceed 300. Seventeen towns are known to have been destroyed, deserted or cut off from the world, with their fate unsettled. Over 20,000 persons are homeless and destitute. Two hundred rangers are surrounded by fire with little hope of escaping. The water supply is cut off and thousands of people are panic-stricken. Firebugs are suspected and a desperate effort is being made to apprehend the guilty ones.

Juvenile Department.

A letter written by the superintendent of the Juvenile Department to the Granges of McKean county.

Coryville, Pa., Aug. 22, 1910.

Dear Sisters and Brothers of the subordinate Granges of McKean Co.:

Sometime ago I wrote a letter through the Grange department of the Port Allegany Reporter requesting boys and girls to co-operate with me in making the grange fairs a success. Now I am going a step farther and solicit the aid of the parents, in behalf of the boys and girls, to aid us in making the Juvenile department of the McKean County Fair the best possible.

You are all aware of the effort that is being put forth in behalf of agriculture by the Fair association. I wonder if we realize the vast amount of time and money the officials are giving in order to make our county fair of benefit to the farming community? And shall we set carelessly by and make no effort to show our appreciation?

We are taught that what a child sees makes a most lasting impression and agriculture was the first and noblest employment of man. If we prove ourselves to be careless and indifferent to teaching our children will never have a very exalted opinion of farm life. But if we show them by precept and example that agriculture is second to no other employment, we then have solved that much talked problem of how to keep the boys and girls on the farm.

In what better way can we do this than by encouraging them to raise produce, or manufacture something to take to the county fair to compete with other boys and girls for prizes?

Not one of us older ones but remember when we were children at school when the teacher would announce a prize offered for the best writing, the most correct spelling or the best maps drawn, of the impulse created in us to win that prize if in our power. No effort was too great for us to put forth in order to gain our object, and shall we be less in earnest about this all important question of stimulating a love for rural life in our children?

It is for this very purpose that the McKean County Fair association have added the Juvenile department. A booth has been reserved for the children where they can compete with others for the liberal premiums offered. For some reason best known to the themselves the association appointed me superintendent of this department. I can do nothing alone, but with the help and encouragement of the parents and children this department can be made one of the most pleasing features of the entire fair.

Now parents let me urge you to encourage the children to bring something of their own to this department. Let us get started the very best we may this year and make it better and better until the children shall look forward with great anticipation to the yearly meeting because it is their fair as well as for the older ones.

In conclusion I ask of you not to let this pass idly by, but talk fair from now on and talk up, not down, our fair is just what we make it. If any of the children want a catalogue or information in regard to the department if they will write me I will reply promptly.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
MARY D. HOWDEN.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. W. Hilton was in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. Bertha Davis is the guest of relatives in this place.

Miss Alice Stull of Portville, N. Y., is a Smethport visitor.

M. N. Allen of Port Allegany was in town on business Friday.

Miss Hazel Green is spending the week with Bradford friends.

Miss Amanda Anderson is the guest of friends in Davis, Pa.

Craig Rose of Binghamton is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Helena Misel of Clermont is a guest of Mrs. W. B. Hopper to-day.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and son, Jack, are the guests of Bradford relatives.

Mrs. F. H. Hungiville and Miss Sarah Greer were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gallup returned from their wedding trip Friday evening.

Miss Gertrude Wendell who has been the guest of friends in this place for the past week returned to Bradford Tuesday.

Harry Sillman of St. Marys was the guest of friends in town the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee were in Bradford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Mason and son, Jack, returned to their home in Pittsburgh Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are visiting their parents in this place.

Hon. James A. McKean and F. D. Gallup and family were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. Oscar Engstrom and sons, Waldo and Carlton, were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and Mrs. W. H. Morrison were Bradford visitors this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick and son, Everel, left yesterday for a visit to Buffalo and Chautauqua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cory were Smethport visitors Saturday and called on their sister on their way home.

Mrs. William Falconer and children of Guffey, Pa., are visiting her sister, Mrs. S. H. Walker of East Smethport.

Mrs. Mary Mitchell and children of Tioga county are visiting her father, J. C. Cunningham, and other relatives.

Miss Mabel Walker who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Falconer of Guffey, Pa., returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus and Dr. and Mrs. John Clark were in Bradford Tuesday, making the trip in the former's car.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rubin, daughters, Rae and Estella, and son, Harry, have returned from a visit to Buffalo and Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son, Tom, are the guests of Mrs. Morrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford.

Guy and Kenneth Mayo attended the wedding of Miss Mary Groves to Nicholas Hansen at Coudersport last Thursday evening.

Miss Charlotte Truesdale who has been the guest of Mrs. S. F. Redfield for some time, left for her home in Syracuse, N. Y., Monday.

Miss Hazel Hopper left for her home in Hornell, N. Y., Friday. She was accompanied by Misses Hazel Donahey and Madeline Tanner of Mt. Jewett.

Misses Ivah Holder and Viola Badger returned yesterday from Port Allegany where they have been the guests of Mrs. V. J. Coleman for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Mrs. John Walker, Mrs. B. T. Garlick and Ed Walker were Bradford visitors Tuesday, making the trip in the former's car.

Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur, who have been the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus, have gone to Emporium for a short visit before returning to their home in New York City.

The following were among the Bradford visitors this week: Kenneth Mayo, William Colegrove, Ben Young, Earl Hafner, Everall Chadwick, Russell Lindsley, Ervin McCarthy, Edmund Whitelaw, Frank Dunbar and Elmer Quirk.

George Burdick of Kane is visiting friends in town and was a pleasant caller at this office this morning. Mr. Burdick was 90 years old last May and is as healthy and hearty as the average man of 65. He expects to take in the McKean County Fair & Races here in September.

Resolutions

of Bunker Hill Tent, No. 60, K. O. T. M., on the death of Sir Knight George Schleif.

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Commander of the Universe, to call from his labors to rest, our beloved Sir Knight George Schleif, and bowing with humble submission to the will of the Most High still, we no more fee mourn for our departed Sir Knight, who was an active and zealous member of our Order, and we cherish the memory of his sterling qualities, and unselfish devotion to its best interests, as well as his affectionate feeling toward every one of its mmbers. As a man he was upright and kind-hearted; as a citizen loyal and honest, and to those who came in contact with him, found in him a true man and friend.

With all who knew him, our departed Sir Knight, we may well say:

Rest, Brother, rest;
Life's troubles now for you are o'er;
Safe with him who knoweth best,
On that other shore.

Resolved, that as a token of respect, our Charter be draped for thirty days, these resolutions be published in The Miner and a copy sent to the bereaved relatives, as also these resolutions shall be spread upon our minutes.

Signed,
A. R. ANDERSON,
AARON HELLMAN,
DANIEL FARR.

MURDER SUSPECTED.

Death of a Polander at Ludlow Under Suspicious Conditions.

Yesterday's Era says: Coroner Sherman was notified last evening of the death of a man at Ludlow, this county, named John Grod, a native of Poland. Grod died in a room which he occupied in a boarding house at Ludlow at 4 o'clock, yesterday afternoon. It is said that on Saturday night he was in a row with a number of other men, and that some person kicked him in a manner productive of serious results. Grod was hurt internally and after the quarrel, was in great pain.

Yesterday the pain continued but it was not thought that death would ensue. Grod was seen alive a short time before it was discovered that he had breathed his last. He was alone when he died.

The man was an employe of the tannery at Ludlow and leaves a wife in Poland.

Coroner Sherman will fully investigate the circumstances of the man's death, which, judging from present information was simply a case of murder.

Rest Room at Fair.

Editor Miner:

Dear Sir:

The ladies of the McKean County W. C. T. U., under the leadership of Mrs. Adda Lyon, Supt. of Open Air work for McKean county, will run, as usual, a White Ribbon Rest tent at the fair.

Comfortable chairs, cots for the babies, toilet accomodations, and plenty of clean glasses and pure cold water furnished free of charge.

We also give away various souvenirs tied with our symbol, a "bow of white ribbon." And by every means in our power we awaken the people to the danger of drinking, selling or upholding the traffic in intoxicating liquor. The total cost of alcohol to the United States is now $3,000,000,000 per year, and 1,500,000 men and women are daily mentally or physically disabled for work as the result of drinking.

Miss Lelia Hackett of Smethport will again preside as "Mistress of the Water Tank" during the fair.

The Travellers' Club of Smethport will take charge of the rest tent on Sept. 9th, High School Day, and will act as hostesses during the day.

The ladies and gentlemen comprising the McKean County Fair Association, have done all in their power to make the fair not only a pecuniary success but a place of amusement that will prove a mental and moral uplift to the community at large. They have spared no pains to secure clean and decent side shows. If any patron of the fair sees anything out of the way on the fair grounds they should at once lay the matter before the president, R. W. Hilton, or the advisory board, Mrs. Ada Young, Mrs. B. W. Heinemann and Mrs. Marie E. Rice, who will be in attendance. If upon investigation, anything illegal is found to be going on the offenders will be promptly dealt with.

Don't keep still at the fair, and howl the rest of the year at the side shows, but let us one and all work together to make the fair a credit to McKean county.

MARIE E. RICE.

Desertion Notice.

My wife, Ethel, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation I will not be responsible for debts contracted by her in my name.

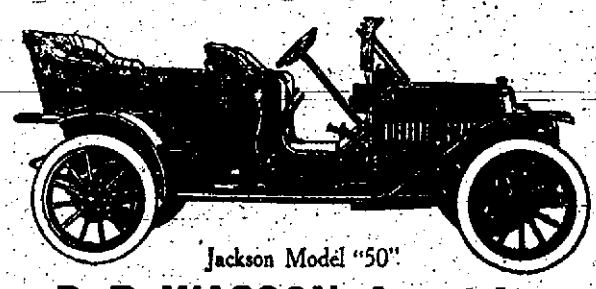
MILO OVIATT,
Norwich, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Oh my head!
Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by
ANTI-ACHE
Does not affect the heart
10c and 25c at all druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me
YOUR WANTS
And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.
Second door from the POST OFFICE.
E. W. STRONG

Smethport Garage
WILL BE OPEN FOR BUSINESS
SEPT. 1, 1910,
In the Rooney barn on Water Street, west of Smethport Bottling Works, and solicit the patronage of autoists. Difficult Repairing a Specialty.



Jackson Model "50"
D. B. WASSON, Agent for
Sterns Jackson and Fuller Automobiles
SMETHPORT, PA.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JULY SALE ON ALL
Mens Shoes and
OXFORDS
Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.
Sale starts June 25th, 1910.
$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95
Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT
INNER TUBES
FULL VALUE
Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.
Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
FIFTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS
August 19, and September 2, 1910
ATLANTIC CITY
CAPE MAY
Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N. J.
$10.60 from Smethport
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent
Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

CLOSES

SATURDAY EVENING AUGUST 27th

All Sale Goods will be Sold at the Regular Prices after This Week. Come to-morrow and Saturday for low prices on all summer good. You can save half in most all lines.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

De Laval CREAM Separators

The Dairymans Friend And Money Maker

—FOR SALE AT—

Daly & Garlick's

The Keen County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1910.

Local and General.

—Leonard McGowan is confined to his home with typhoid fever.

—The corner stone for the Swedish Lutheran church at Kane was laid with fitting ceremonies on Sunday last.

—Two boys had a bicycle collision on Main street yesterday morning, and fortunately the only injury was to one of the wheels.

—The stone work on the juvenile annex to the county jail is progressing nicely under the direction of Contractor John Carlson.

—Teachers' examinations are being held by County Superintendent B. S. Bayle at his office in the court house to-day and to-morrow.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick has had a steel ceiling placed in his drug store. The interior has also been painted, making it one of the neatest stores in this section.

which he had let out early that evening had become frightened at a traction engine a short distance from that place and ran away. The animal broke away from the buggy and ran fully ten miles before being caught by Mr. Powell.

—Tuesday morning a large and burly hick attempted to hold a lawn party on the lawn of the Swedish Lutheran church, but was interrupted by Chief McCarthy and Street Commissioner Cramsie and therefore wound up his celebration with a house party at the city building.

—O. H. Miller, manager of the Bradford Star Record, was quite painfully injured recently. He was crossing the street when he slipped on a banana peel and suffered a wrenched knee and bruised knee cap. He was taken to the hospital and will be laid up for several days.

—The body of Adelbert Hall, a resident of Wolf Run, near Portville, was found lying in a wheat field Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hall, who was 38 years of age, had been at work in the field with a team of horses and combined reaper and binder. The cause of death was heart disease.—Eldred Eagle.

—At about 10 o'clock Tuesday evening Clarence Powell found a runaway horse with part of its harness on wandering about his place at East Smethport. He put the animal in his barn and telephoned the livery stables here, but it did not belong to any of them. Towards morning George Shepard of Port Allegany drove into Jones' barn and stated that the horse

—M. P. Lull of Geneva, Ind., who was a guest of his son in Bradford, fell from a street car in that city Monday evening and sustained injuries which caused his death on Tuesday. While Mr. Lull was going home his hat blew off and in an effort to catch it he lost his balance and fell backward on the pavement, sustaining a fractured skull. He is 63 years of age and is survived by a son, Geo. P. Lull of Bradford and a daughter, Mrs. R. F. Longworth of Geneva, Ind.

—Our high school athletes should be getting in active training for the meet at the McKean County Fair. Smethport should be represented in this meet with a first-class team and all that is needed is active, hard, conscientious training to make them rank among the first if not first in this meet. The boys should have enough pride in this undertaking to make their very best efforts in the way of conditioning.

—Samuel E. Bell of Smethport, James and Fred Horrigan and C. L. Egbert arrived in this city Friday evening after a ten day's automobile trip during which they covered about 2,000 miles. Leaving Bradford they went to Elmira, Scranton, Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and New York City. Returning from New York they passed through Utica, Syracuse and Buffalo, enroute to Bradford. The entire trip was made without a mishap.—Bradford Era.

—This from an exchange makes one think of pioneer days: Clearfield deer are getting acquainted with the cows. On a Clearfield county farm the other morning a passer-by noticed this interesting sight: Two cows with bells were pasturing in a field bordering on the woods when two pronged bucks lopped down from the woods and after satisfying their curiosity about where the tinkle of bells came from wandered about the field a while and then took to the woods again.

—Rather than miss the Austin-Coudersport baseball game at Austin Sunday, four of the juvenile enthusiasts of the town, walked the entire distance to Austin and return, in the neighborhood of thirty miles, in order to see the game. They left here at about 11:30 and arrived in Austin in time to see the latter part of the game and arrived home not so much tired out as disappointed at the result of the game which Austin won 9 to 3.—Potter Democrat.

—The fourth quarterly conference of the M. E. church was held at the chapel in this place on Monday, Rev. Dr. S. A. Morse, superintendent of the Olean district presiding. The most important matter brought before the meeting was the extending of an invitation to Rev. W. A. Harris, the present pastor, to remain another year in charge. Rev. Harris has had this charge for the past five years, and he and his estimable wife have made hosts of friends who hope they will remain with us for another year at least.

—An Italian whose name we could not learn cut his right foot quite badly yesterday afternoon in the big woods at Norwich. He was brought down here and Dr. Robert Hamilton dressed the wound, taking several stitches in the injured member. After this was finished his companions carried him down and put him in the buggy and left him to go for something. The horses became uneasy and as the injured man was partially stupified by opiates, and before assistance reached him, the rig was nearly overturned. No injury was done however.

—A mob of 200 boys and men drove the local police to take refuge in a hotel and then scoured the town for gamblers and pickpockets who have infested that borough since the opening of the Kittaning fair this week. The riot was started by Chief of Police Thomas Hague and Policeman Donnan attacking George Heldersdorf, who made a remark to the police charging them with permitting gamblers and crooks to work the town. Jacob Heldersdorf went to the assistance of his brother and was joined by a mob which drove Hague and Donnan into a hotel. Then the crowd increased to fully 200 men and boys and the six other policemen of the borough were chased into hiding. Policeman Donnan was badly beaten.

—Fire started in the millinery and dry goods store of Mrs. Birdal Hagen and Mrs. J. M. Hilliard at Hazelhurst about 9:30 p. m. Wednesday, completely destroying the stock and damaging the interior of the lower story of the building to a considerable degree. Mrs. Hilliard, who had been in charge of the store for the day, leaving everything in the usual condition at 9 o'clock and as there were no lights burning in the building the source of the fire is a mystery. The loss of the millinery and dry goods stock is placed by the owners at $2,000 with insurance at $1,000. The damage to the building, which belongs to W. J. Johnson of Smethport, will run to about $300 and is fully covered by insurance.

—Louis Kreer has drilled a well to the depth of 5,100 feet and is now delayed waiting for repairs on his boiler He proposes to drill deeper as soon as the boiler is repaired. As yet he has found nothing to reward him for drilling the second deepest well in the world but he hopes to locate the pay streak before long. He has kept a record of the formations through which the drill penetrated. He found the Bradford sand at 1,400 feet, gas in small quantities at 2,330 feet, found a five foot sand barren at 2,700 feet, a formation of sand 35 feet thick at 3,360, Limestone shales and black shales from 3,575 to 4,905 and 100 feet of solid salt from 5,000 to 5,100 where the drill was stopped awaiting repairs to the boiler.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

—The Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Helms came to town Tuesday morning and were entertained for the day by Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe. Last evening Dr. Helms delivered a lecture in the Methodist Episcopal church and Dr. and Mrs. Helms were entertained last night by the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris. During the day Dr. and Mrs. Helms called on a number of their old friends, as he was pastor of the local Methodist church for two years in 1891-1892 and they have a host of friends here who were glad to see them once more. Dr. Helms is at present pastor of one of the largest Methodist Episcopal churches in the city of Buffalo, the Plymouth church. He has served two other churches in the same city and has had pastorates there for the past eleven years. Dr. Helms lectured last night on "The Funny Side of Foreign Travel," and the lecture was packed with information and humor and was delivered in the Doctor's usual racy style and was greatly enjoyed by the audience. The lecturer was very popular here as a pastor and it is evident that he still retains his popularity with all those who formerly knew him. We hope to hear him here again.

—The Port Allegany Reporter says: Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bush and Arthur DuBois of Coudersport had a sensational adventure with a big black bear while on their recent trip. They were in a boat on Rock Lake and out pretty well in the middle of the body of water and the bear was evidently swimming across. The party saw him near the boat and Mr. Bush struck him several sharp blows with his oar. This seemed to madden him and he became ferocious. With open mouth and extended jaws he went after the boat with a vengence. He struck at the stern of the boat in which Arthur was sitting. His nails rasped on the edge and side. They then made it their business to get out of the bear's reach.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids for the construction of sewers on Allegheny, Pine and Nelson streets, in Smethport, Pa., will be received by J. W. Waite, of said place, Chairman of the Sewer Committee of the Borough of Smethport, until eight o'clock p. m., Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1910.

Plans and specifications for said work, may be had by inquiring of J. W. Waite.

Each bid must be accompanied by certified check for $25.00 payable to the order of the Borough of Smethport and to be forfeited to said Borough, in case of the failure of the party bidding on said work to enter into contract with said Borough according to the terms of his bid, within 5 days after notice to him that his bid has been accepted and the contract awarded to him. The Borough reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

J. W. WAITE,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
Sewer Committee of the Borough of Smethport. —Aug. 25-2t

Matheson at Brighton Beach.

Mr. Gillett, agent for the Matheson car in this county, received the following:

Wilkesbarre, Penna., Aug. 22.
Melville Gillett,
Smethport, Pa.

Matheson Silent Six wins second place Brighton Beach 24 hour race covering 1178 miles within 18 miles of World's record, Seven contestants, only four finished. Bursting tire caused collision costing us first place. Not a single mechanical replacement, repair or adjustment throughout entire race. Same car sent to Elgin today for three hundred mile road race next Saturday.

Matheson Motor Co.

Notice to Water Consumers.

It is imperative that no water be used excepting what is necessary for domestic purposes. All hose connections should be discontinued, and no water used for washing autos or carriages, or sprinkling lawns or gardens.

The streams of the water shed are furnishing less water than at any time since the Water Company was organized.

And notwithstanding the fact that owing to the removal from town there are less consumers than for several years, and that the pumps are working night and day to the full capacity of the wells, the water in the reservoirs is rapidly falling, and unless strict economy in the use of water is practiced, and all waste stopped, we will be up against a water famine in a very few days, if the dry weather continues.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

WM. MONHEIMER.

A CHANCE

to get a trunk at cost and some BELOW Cost Price

Because we are going to quit carrying

TRUNKS

You can buy here—as long as they last (we have only 10 trunks left)

$5.00 trunks at $3.25
6.50 " " 4.90
7.50 & 8.50 " " 6.00

These trunks are solid throughout have brass trimmings, two leather straps hide and fibre bound, one and two inside trays and Yale Locks.

Splendid trunks for so little money.

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

OUTING FLANNELS
FLANNELETTES
FLEECED DOWN

The new fleeced cottons for fall are ready for you now. Cooler days and nights will soon demand the warmth and comfort of Outing Nights Gowns—Flannelette Wrappers—Kimonas—Dressing Sacques, etc.,

Nowhere can you find a more complete stock of the newest patterns of standard makes than this store is showing—prices too you find as low as the lowest.

1921 Outings 10c Daisy Flannels 11c
Armure Flannelettes 15c Arnold Superfine Flannelettes 15c
Duckling & Veloset Fleeces 15c.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, - - - PENN'A.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.
Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,
Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Etiquette and Danger.

"Ezra," said the farmer's wife, "I wish you wouldn't lean your elbers on th' table."

"Huh," sneered the farmer, "gettin' fastidierous, ain't you? Mebby you'll be warnin' me next to keep my knife outen my mouth an' tellin' me not to cool my tea in my saucer. But my grandther kep' his elbers on th' table, an' so did my father, an', by heck, I'm goin' to lean on it as hard an' as long as I dun please, so there!"

Whereupon he leaned hard, so hard that the ancient table suddenly collapsed and sprawled out its legs and went down with a frightful crash of crockery.

"Well, you've gone an' done it now!" screamed the old lady. "That's a pretty mess, ain't it? Ef you'd had th' sense of a chipmunk you'd have known th' reason I didn't want you to lean on th' table was 'cause th' legs was tickety. An' I guess a little etiquette wouldn't hurt you none anyway, Ezra Doolittle, to say nothin' of savin' $2 wuth of family crockery."

And the disgusted farmer stumbled out from the scene of wreckage and chased a harmless tramp three miles down the road with an ax handle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Handicapped.

Englishmen use their hands comparatively little in conversation, but Frenchmen use them a good deal. Quaintly enough, Parisians have a very keen sense of the exaggerated way in which the southern Frenchman and the Italian help on what they have to say with their hands, and this accounts for the following story:

An Italian railway thief was caught redhanded in the train, handcuffed and brought to Paris. As he was walking out of the Gare de Lyon between two detectives a friend met him.

"Hello!" he said. "Where have you been this long time, and how are you?"

The prisoner looked at him pathetically and shook his head.

"What's the matter?" said his friend. "Have you been stricken dumb?"

The prisoner raised his handcuffed hands. "Very nearly," he said.—London M. A. P.

Room and Board For Single Gentleman

"So, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um; least I couldn't. D'ye know that low down nigger just man'led me fo' my money?"

"No?" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all them things in my parlor, silber butter dishes and crayon portraits that you and the othe' white ladies' gi' me, and he just thought he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and f'ned. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes' natchully tu'ned him out."

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, he sure! He's round, but he's jes' hoa'din' with me now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Beginning of the Germ Theory.

Agostino Bassi, a country doctor in the north of Italy, early in the last century was the starter of the germ theory of disease. At that time a peculiar disease was killing the silk worms, bringing ruin to the whole silk country of Italy. Bassi, by the microscope, discovered the germ which is the cause of the disease. The germ later was named Botritis bassiana. Bassi believed and stated that human diseases were also caused by germs. Bassi's work was sneered at and poohpoohed by his fellow men and physicians, and he failed to make a lasting impression, thereby losing great glory for Italia.—New York Press.

The Orkney Islands.

"The member from the Orkneys" is the only man in the British house of commons who can say he sits for 200 islands. Only sixty of the islands are inhabited, but the constituency embraces more than 60,000 people.

The Orkneys were once given by Norway to England as security for a queen's dower and never redeemed. In the islands the voters must go to the polls by boats, and in some cases the distance to be traveled is eight miles.

First Aid.

"Now," said the professor, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.—Houston Post.

Did Her Best.

"We're always careful about these contiguous diseases," said Mrs. Lapsling. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disconcerted the house from top to bottom."—Chicago Tribune.

An Advantage.

"So you prefer servants who speak English imperfectly?"

"Yes," replied the housewife. "If I don't understand what they say I am not obliged to dismiss them so frequently."—Exchange.

Suspicion.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

The Common Complaint.

Probably this expression is used oftener by people than any other: "Everything is blamed on me."—Atchison Globe.

A Bridge Fight

It Broke an Engagement.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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It stretched across the salt marsh and connected two villages. Harborhead folk called it "the red bridge," while Portside people grimly referred to it as "the white bridge." As a matter of fact, it had never been painted at all, and now, after two years' exposure to wind and weather, the new wood had taken on soft gray tints that blended with the silver tide that ebbed and flowed between the piles.

Although Harborhead and Portside were connected by the new bridge and the vehicles of both villages rumbled to and fro over the planks, the inhabitants were widely separated by a growing bitterness.

Parson Lane of Portside had pounded the pulpit vigorously over the matter. "Pots of paint! Pots of paint!" he exclaimed one memorable Sunday; "Have my people drowned their souls in pots of paint? The good Lord made it possible for these villages to be united by a beautiful bridge, and you wrangle over the painting of it as if the color mattered! Brethren, see that your souls are as white as you would have the bridge painted. Let not the red smirch of anger sully its purity!"

After that sermon the bitterness was intensified. The Harborhead people who weekly crossed the bridge to attend Parson Lane's church fluttered homeward to spread the good man's words far and wide with most unhappy results.

Noah Wade and Almira Turner were to be married in June. Three times a week Noah crossed the bridge to Harborhead to see his sweetheart. They had never discussed the bridge matter because they had been too happy to talk about anything except their own wonderful affairs.

The Tuesday after Parson Lane's sermon Almira waited at the front gate for Noah. She could see him stepping quickly across the bridge, tall, erect, with his head poised high. All the Wades were proud. The girl's blue eyes did not soften at her lover's approach. A new expression came into them.

"Waiting for me?" smiled Noah, taking the hat from his brown hair and covering Almira's little hand with his own sunburned fingers.

She drew her hand quietly from beneath his touch. "Yes," she said gravely. "Come with me, Noah; I have something to say to you. Let us go to the orchard."

"What is the matter? Are you in trouble? Has anything happened?" demanded Noah anxiously, falling into step beside her.

Almira shook her head. In silence they went across the grass to the orchard and paused in the shade of the gnarled old apple trees.

"What is the matter, Almira?" repeated Noah at last.

"I can't marry you, Noah," replied Almira quietly.

"Why not?" Noah spoke gruffly. He was angry at Almira's strange manner, at the coldness in her voice and her sudden aloofness.

She looked at the distant hills with steadfast eyes. "Father says I shan't marry any one from over 'the white bridge,' and I don't know that I want to."

"Personally I don't care a rap what color the bridge is," retorted Noah. "I've crossed it for two years to see you, Almira, and now at this late day you suddenly drop me and say it's because I live over the bridge—a flimsy excuse. Why don't you say outright that you don't care for me and never did?" His face was growing whiter, and the hand pressed against the tree trunk was clinched until the knuckles were livid.

Suddenly Noah swung away from the tree and without one backward glance tramped across the grass, leaped the fence into a winding lane and disappeared along the shore road.

After that it became known that Almira's wedding garments were carefully laid away out of sight, and Noah Wade no longer crossed the bridge three times a week.

Then followed a summer unprecedented for its lack of rain. Weeks followed days, and months followed weeks, while the sun poured relentlessly down on the sister town and burned the vegetation to crisp brownness. Only the salt grass that was wet by the tides remained green. Crops died in the baked earth.

September came, fiercely hot. One breathless evening Almira Turner walked listlessly along the bridge. It was said that whatever breeze there might be would be felt on the long wooden structure that united the two villages, yet in its way formed a barrier between many hearts.

Others were walking on the bridge, but it was noticeable that Portside folks walked only as far as the middle of the bridge and then retraced their steps. Harborhead people did the same thing at their end, so there was no passing over the bridge save by those who had business to attend to. Where friendly relations were established between families in the warring villages it was considered most amiable and politic to visit by way of the long road around the shore and avoid the unhappy bridge.

Almira was thinking bitterly of what her father had said when she announced that her engagement to Noah Wade had been broken. He had stared incredulously at her.

"Why, Miry, honey, I was only joking! Now, you go along and make it up with Noah this minute. There'll be bridges standing long after we poor mortals are through trying to be happy in this world."

But Almira could not make it up with Noah Wade. He did not give her a chance. He went away from Portside and found work elsewhere, and she had not seen him through the long summer. Now she was thinking of him and of her foolish excuse for giving him up.

A loud rumble of thunder sent the pedestrians on the bridge scurrying home, but Almira lingered, watching the lightning leap from cloud to cloud in that ominous black mountain in the northwest, listening to the crackle and volley of thunder, harking to the sibilant hiss of the high tide among the bridge timbers.

Just as she turned her steps homeward there came a blinding crash that seemed to enwrap the whole village of Harborhead in yellow light; then all sound ceased for an instant, and out of the murky darkness there sprang a bright flame and another and another. The lightning had struck in Harborhead.

Almira hurried toward home as the wild clamor of the church bells rang out. If the Portside people refused to bring out their fire apparatus to the rescue of Harborhead the closely populated little village was doomed. It was known that Portsiders were very bitter against the people over the bridge.

Just as she reached the gate there came another sound, mingled with the roar of thunder, the clash of bells and the shouts of men. It was the high, sweet clang of the Portside fire bell, and it was followed by the rumble of the little engine across the bridge. It dashed past Almira's gate, dragged by a score of strong, willing hands. The hook and ladder truck came in its wake, and there, sitting high on the seat, steering the truck, was Noah Wade, his face tense and set in the glare of the fire.

The devastating storm died away while the valiant men fought the flames that licked greedily at the frame store buildings and threatened many a nearby home with destruction. Portside men and men of Harborhead worked side by side, and differences were forgotten in the single aim that prompted all.

Many times that night Almira's heart failed within her as she watched Noah risk his life within the flaming buildings. Once he brought out a little child from the tenements over the stores, and the tenderness with which he bore the child and placed it in its mother's arms brought tears to the girl's sad eyes.

And then came the moment when their eyes met across the flames. The sudden leap of recognition in Noah's glance was answered by Almira's appealing eyes, and then the smoke hung between them once more.

The weeks that followed after the fire were not soon forgotten. Differences were patched up and mended so that they would not again break. Portside and Harborhead people mingled together as they had before the days of the bridge trouble. There were church festivals and entertainments that were enjoyed by everybody, and over all was the feeling of satisfaction that the bridge trouble was at an end.

The Harborhead people had gratefully announced their willingness that the bridge should be painted white in view of the prompt and neighborly services of the Portside firemen. Portside people agreed to abide by a choice by vote.

When the vote was counted it was found that all Harborhead had voted for a white painted bridge, while Portside had courteously voted for red, and the vote was tied.

Then the question was solved by a suggestion to paint the bridge green, and it was done, and so peace reigned at last, and there was much passing to and fro.

At last Noah came over to Harborhead and stopped at Almira's gate. Mrs. Turner greeted him pleasantly.

"Almira went over the bridge awhile ago, Noah. If you walk back you may meet her," she said.

Noah walked back slowly, watching for Almira's slender form and dreading to see it beside that of some other admirer. At last she came, stepping quickly, with now and then a glance at the rising full moon.

Halfway across she met Noah, and they both stopped. Noah guided her gently to the railing where they could look along the bright moonlit path that wrinkled the water.

"I've been to see you, Almira. Your mother said I might meet you," he said wistfully.

"I—went to Portside to mail a letter—to you, Noah. I thought you might get it sooner—tonight—and perhaps you would come. I wanted to tell you how foolish I've been"—

Noah stopped her words with a swift caress. "And I was on the way to tell you, what a fool I've been, but we've met halfway after all."

When the wedding day came round both sides thought it would be a suitable occasion on which to celebrate the return of peace, and nothing would do but that the bridal procession should pass over the bridge which had caused so much dissention.

The Real Need.

In negro households, especially in communities where negroes form a large portion of the population, it frequently happens that the woman is the head of the family, being not only the breadwinner, but also the disciplinarian, and in that capacity on occasions she regards her putative lord and master as subject to her will. This at least was the assumption of the colored woman who was a party to a little scene enacted in the office of a justice of the peace.

A man had been arrested on the charge of beating and cruelly misusing his wife. After hearing the charge against the prisoner the justice turned to the first witness.

"Madam," he said, "if this man were your husband and had given you a beating would you call in the police?"

The woman addressed, a veritable amazon in size and aggressiveness, turned a smiling countenance toward the justice and answered:

"No, jedge. If he was mah husban' an' he treated me lak he did his wife Ah wouldn't call no p'leeman. No, sah; Ah'd call de undertaker."—Youth's Companion.

Flexibility of English.

English is not only, as Richard Jefferies asserted, the most expressive and flexible of tongues, but also, in Swinburne's opinion, the most musical. He proclaimed the lines—

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes

to be unmatched for melody in any language. And few would venture to contradict such a master of music and tongues. But surely French ranks next on the roll of languages. For clearness of diction it is unrivaled, and, thanks to its abundance of vowels close on one for every consonant, it flows rhythmically from the tongue. Against Westley's dictum, that French is to German as a bagpipe to an organ, may be cited a saying of another famous divine, Dr. Dollinger, "L'Allemand n'est pas une langue, mais ceux qui parlent ce jargon se comprennent entre eaux" (German is not a language, but those who speak this jargon understand one another).—London Chronicle.

Facts About Giants.

That very few of the giants who have ever lived have been healthy or well formed recent researches prove beyond a doubt. All we know about Goliath is that he was very tall, but in the second book of Kings we read about another giant, who had more fingers than an ordinary human being, and, according to modern scientists, this is invariably a token of degeneracy. Marcel Donnal saw at Milan a giant who was so tall that his body filled two beds at night, but whose legs were so weak that he could hardly stand upright. William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles I., had little strength, and Cromwell's porter, another giant, ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Finally, O'Brien, the Irish giant, has been described as "an enormous sick child who grew up too fast."

Another Fake.

"Did you see the lightning calculator in the sideshow?" asked the old farmer in the wide straw hat.

"By heck, yes," drawled the other rustic, "and he was the biggest fake in the show."

"How was that?"

"Why, thar was a thunderstorm going on while I was in the tent and when I asked him if he could calculate where the lightning was going to strike he just gave me the laugh."—Chicago News.

An Ominous Symptom.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is"—

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly—"Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Doubled In Value.

A Missourian who bought some Texas land and wanted to unload it told a prospective buyer that it had "doubled in value since I bought it." "But," said the other, "you offered to sell it to me for the same price you paid. How has it doubled in value?" "Well, you see, I gave twice as much as it was worth."—Kansas City Star.

Exchange of Compliments.

Maud—My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept a grocer's shop.

Marie—My mamma says she can remember how much your mamma owes her for groceries.

The Danger.

"It is always dangerous to try to get something for nothing," remarked the wise guy.

"Yes, you might get what you deserve," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Life.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—Gail Hamilton.

The Obliging Proprietor.

"Won't you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer.

"Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor. "Get out."—Lippincott's.

Heaven often smites in mercy, even when the blow is severest.—Bailie.

Antiquity of Shorthand.

Shorthand is apt to be looked upon as an essentially modern art. The predecessors of Pitman—Byrom in the eighteenth century; Mason in the seventeenth—are dim and distant figures beyond which it seems useless to venture. Cicero dictated his orations to his freedman T. Tullius Tiro, and was inconsolable when temporarily deprived of his services. He complained in a letter to a friend that, while "Tiro takes down whole phrases in a few signs, Spintharus (his proportional substitute) only writes in syllables." We need not, however, suppose that the "notae Tironianae" were actually invented by the freedman in question. As M. Gueulin points out, the Romans created very few of the arts of peace, contenting themselves, as a rule, to copying from the Greeks. M. Gueulin, however, indicates the banks of the Nile as the cradle of the art.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

A Benevolent Censor.

A trio of young ladies spent some weeks last year at an out of the way village in the mountain region. They found the village postmaster a quaint old character, whose ways were as original as they were startling, so that the daily trip to the postoffice became a real event.

"Is there any mail for us, major?" asked one of the young ladies as she appeared at the window one morning.

"No; they ain't a thing for you all this mawnin', Miss Mary," was the reply. "They wasn't nothin' come for you but a letter that looked like advertisin', an' so I opened it, and sure enough it was jest some advertisement about somethin' or other, and I says to myself, says I, 'Now, Miss Mary don't want to tote such stuff as that home with her,' and so I throwed it in the waste box."—Youth's Companion.

Snuff and a Crook.

Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him ready for use. He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.

"This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff.

"For the eyes of the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say, that the nose gets it this time."

Appius Claudius.

Appius Claudius, surnamed Caecus (the blind), was a Roman statesman who lived during the third century before the Christian era. He was a Roman censor, 312 to 308, and consul, 307 to 296. He commenced the Appian way and completed the Appian aqueduct. From his Roman jurisprudence, oratory, grammar and Latin prose date their beginning. He abolished the limitation of the full right of citizenship to landed proprietors. In his old age he is said to have become blind, whence his cognomen Caecus. He was the author of works in both prose and verse, of which almost nothing is known.

No Pure Water.

Owing to the extremely solvent powers, pure water is never found in nature, the nearest approach being found in rainwater, which, as it is formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere, is the purest that nature supplies, but in descending it brings with it what ever impurities are floating near the surface, which in the neighborhood of cities are always numerous; hence perfectly pure water is hardly to be found, even the artificially distilled being only approximately so.

Where to Begin.

"Look here," said the reforming husband; "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept."

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should very much like to know where they are kept."—Stray Stories.

A Boomerang.

"Call that art!" exclaimed a would be critic, pointing to a painting in a studio. "If that daub is a work of art, then I'm an idiot!"

"The latter part of your statement," rejoined the artist calmly, "would seem to furnish conclusive proof that it is a work of art."

Rivals.

She—John is a very considerate sort of fellow, isn't he? He (the rival)—Oh, yes, very! He has that keen tact and loving sympathy which a chauffeur displays toward a helpless cripple.—Life.

Blank Verse.

Poet—You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you? Editor—Yes George, give the gentleman a blank check.—Judge.

A Good Reason.

"What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?"

"Well, I haven't been able to myself."

Tightly Tied.

"That man's money is all tied up."

"Poor fellow! Can't get at it, eh?"

"Oh, yes. All he has to do is to untie his money bag."—Judge.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John G. Rhein.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bentley, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; H. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Stursay, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders n, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Siever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, M. H. Mann.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John E. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 215, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
E. A. HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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On the Edge of a Precipice

A Woman Is Saved From a False Step.

By MARGARET BARR.

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No one could understand why it was that Helen Ayer, the wife of an excellent man and the mother of a lovely boy six years old, fell under the influence of Schuyler Quigley, with nothing except swagger and cheek to recommend him. When Quigley first began to pay attention to Mrs. Ayer her husband did not appear to notice it. The truth is he saw that his wife was drifting away from him and he dared not oppose her, fearing that by his very opposition he might bring about a catastrophe. If he permitted the matter to work itself out perhaps the wife and mother would in time tire of her new fancy and realize the danger to herself, her husband and her son.

But Quigley was so aggressive, so persistent, that Helen never got away from a certain dominating force there was about him long enough to recover herself. Finally Ayer decided to take action. Since they all belonged to the same set he had frequent opportunity to meet the man who was undermining his home. Their first meeting was at the house of a mutual friend, where a number of men were accustomed to play poker. Ayer's object was to begin a series of attempts to force a quarrel upon Quigley, concealing the true cause. The better to cover his motive at the poker party he met Quigley cordially. But during the game he suddenly arose from the table, declaring that he would not play with a cheat, making it plain that Quigley was the man referred to.

Quigley, who was perfectly innocent of the charge, retorted. High words followed, and Ayer struck him. Quigley was prevented from returning the blow by the others, who protested against the men fighting under the host's roof about a matter of cheating at cards, thereby bringing a scandal upon the house and the party.

This left Quigley not only under a disgraceful charge, but as having received a blow from Ayer that he had not returned. Under the regime of half a century or more ago, he would have been obliged to challenge Ayer or be cut by his friends. Living in the twentieth century, he was not obliged to do anything. He let the matter drop. He did not call at Ayer's house any more, but he met Mrs. Ayer when she went out on the street and at the houses of mutual friends. All he said to her about his trouble with her husband was that Ayer had accused him of cheating at cards and that every member of the party present had exonerated him of the charge.

And so it was that Russell Ayer by trying to get rid of the man who was really his wife's worst enemy, and at the same time protect her good name, only made himself appear to her a very unjust and ignoble person. She thought that she was taking care of her reputation by never being with Quigley, except when others were present. But she found it difficult to live with one man as his wife and have a love affair—though devoid of criminality with another.

Ayer followed up his first attack on Quigley by telling a number of Quigley's friends that he (Ayer) had struck him and Quigley had not had the manliness to resent the blow.

The situation was not pleasing to any one of the three persons involved. Quigley represented to Mrs. Ayer that he was refraining from resenting her husband's insults on her account and begged her to vindicate him by securing a divorce and marrying him. She was distressed, feeling that this was due Quigley, but dreading to take a step that would seperate her from her husband and her child.

One day Ayer met Quigley on the street. Each was walking with a friend. As they passed Ayer said loud enough for Quigley and his companion to hear:

"There goes a coward I am trying to make fight."

This was too much for Quigley, who turned and said, "Well, we'll have it out now."

"Very well," replied Ayer, "draw."

Taking a revolver from his pocket he raised it, cocking it at the same time. But since Quigley was unarmed there was no fight.

"You can't escape me with a bloody nose," said Ayer. "It's life or death between us."

And he walked on.

Quigley began to feel that he could no longer brook these insults. Some of his friends were telling him that Ayer was determined in the matter and it might better be settled sooner than later. They advised him to challenge Ayer and have it over with. All supposed that the origin of the matter was at the card table. Indeed, few if any knew that Ayer was trying to force his enemy to withdraw his influence from Mrs. Ayer. Quigley blustered for awhile, but took no action. But finally noticing a difference in the cordiality with which his friends greeted him he gave in and sent Ayer a challenge.

Ayer accepted, naming revolvers at ten paces, every chamber to be emptied before the firing ceased.

This staggered Quigley, for it meant death probably to both of the parties. He sent a message to Ayer asking what he could do to avert the issue. Ayer replied in a sealed note telling him that he must neither speak nor write to Mrs. Ayer again. Quigley replied that Mrs. Ayer had applied for a divorce and had consented to marry him as soon as it was obtained. To this Ayer replied that on his part the affair would be dropped. But he did not do this till he had looked into the court records and found that his wife had the day before applied for a separation.

When Ayer went home that evening he found his wife gone. His little boy asked him what was the matter with mamma. She had cried and kissed him all the morning, then had gone out and hadn't come back. Wouldn't papa go and bring her back?

But day after day, week after week, month after month, passed and mamma did not return. She was residing in a city where divorce is made easy. The child was obliged to content himself with his nurse during the day, but whenever his father was not at his office he supplied so far as possible the place of the mother. Quigley still lived in the city, but there was not as much swagger in him as formerly. Somehow no one seemed to think he had come out of his affair with Ayer with credit, and his friends were dropping off.

While it was known to the Ayers' intimate friends that Helen was suing for a divorce, it was not known that she was doing so in order to marry Quigley. Divorces usually make it appear that great wrongs are committed by one or both parties. We are horrified at tales of cruelty, desertion, all kinds of inhumanities. While reading of them we would suppose that after such suffering neither party will ever again consent to wear the chains of wedlock. But once the bond is broken up pops a man or a woman hitherto unknown in the proceedings, and the decree is scarcely granted before the wedding bells are ringing.

Helen Ayer had secured her divorce, had returned, and it was supposed by her friends, except an intimate few, that she would remain—after the charges against Ayer her lawyer had drawn up for her—an unmarried woman. While this was the supposition, a marriage license was being taken out permitting Helen Ayer and Schuyler Quigley to wed. They were to be privately married at 5 o'clock in the evening and take a 7 o'clock train for their wedding trip.

During the afternoon the bride to be was seized with an irresistible desire to see her boy once more before taking the irretrievable step. She knew that her husband was usually at his office at the time and she would not meet him. Throwing caution to the winds, she called a carriage, alighted near her former home, entered and ran upstairs to find her son.

She came upon a melancholy sight. Her boy was lying on a bed, pale and wan, while his father was bending over him.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you send for me?" she wailed. And without waiting for a reply she bent down, passionately encircled the child with her arms and hugged him to her breast. Then, flinging her hat and coat aside, she knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child. "How glad I am that you have come back!" Then, raising his arms, he placed them about her shoulders. "And you're never, never going away again, are you?"

And the woman for whom a groom was waiting said:

"Never, so help me heaven!"

Russell Ayer was walking away when his wife seized his hand and held him. She attempted to speak to him, but not finding words turned again to the boy. Then Russell knelt beside her and, resting his hand on her waist, the two turned the ebbing life back into their child by their united presence.

An hour later Schuyler Quigley, as he was about to enter a carriage to take him to a church where he was to meet his bride, was startled by a message. Tearing off the cover with misgivings and impatience, he read:

I cannot go. I will never see you again.

One of those singular and unaccountable infatuations under which a woman will leave home, husband and children, wrecking them, and most of all herself, had come to a sudden end, as it were, on the brink of the precipice over which she was about to plunge. Her husband could manage the man who was enticing her, but he could not manage her. What neither of these men could do was accomplished by a sick child.

After the boy came out of danger Russell Ayer told his wife of his attempts to save her. He gave the reason for his accusing Quigley of cheating at cards, the blow, the subsequent insults, the forcing his enemy into an unwilling challenge. Then when he had finished by telling her that he had dropped the matter on learning of her intended separation she shuddered.

"My God! How could I have done it?"

A Diplomat

How He Got His Start In His Profession.

By SAMUEL E. BRANT.

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James Maitland, son of an admiral in the U. S. navy, fell in love with and married Mlle. Julie de Lavalle, the daughter of a French diplomat who had spent many years in the French service, a considerable portion of which time he resided in Washington. M. de Lavalle never represented his country as ambassador; he was an adept at secret methods then in vogue between nations, but, since the open diplomacy of the late Secretary Hay, now largely done away with. When any quick Machiavellian work was to be executed it fell to Lavalle.

Maitland and Mlle. de Lavalle were married while the groom was employed in the state department. At the time the Panama canal was being located and there was any amount of chicanery perpetrated both as to its location and the prevention of its location both by Central and North Americans. Then came young Maitland's opportunity. One morning the secretary sent for him, handed him a dispatch and told him that he wished him to take it to the United States consul at Vera Cruz, who would see that it reached its destination.

Delighted at being thus enabled to make a beginning in his profession, Maitland took the dispatch—it was placed in an official envelope of the state department addressed to the consul—and was about to leave when the secretary said to him:

"It is essential that the information contained in that envelope reaches our consul in Vera Cruz on or before the 13th. After that date it will be too late. It is well that you should know that its prompt delivery will involve the making or the failure to make millions of dollars by certain capitalists. You will therefore be very guarded in speaking of your mission and watch well the dispatch. I send it to Vera Cruz by you in order that no one in this country may know its ultimate destination. Nevertheless there are plenty of spies about, and we may have them right here in the state department. Be careful, and good luck to you."

When Maitland went home and with the exhilaration of youth told his wife of his mission, its importance, considering the interests involved, and all that, she failed to show a similar enthusiasm.

"What is it, pet?" he said. "You don't seem pleased."

"Jimmie," she replied, "you will never get it through."

"Why not?"

"They will steal it from you."

"What makes you think so, Julie?"

"From a little girl I have heard my father tell the ways people take to outwit one another. I know all about it. You know nothing."

However, the little woman packed her husband's suit case—all the baggage he proposed to take—then took the dispatch to the library, and when she returned handed her husband a box of cigars. He opened it and removed the top layers and below was an envelope addressed to Senora Sanchez, Mexico City, in Mme. Maitland's own hand.

"Little one, you're a brick," said the young diplomat. "I see your scheme. It would never do to leave the dispatch in my suit case under cover of a state department envelope, would it?"

"No. Now, Jimmie, do be careful of the suit case and don't let it out of your sight a moment."

Maitland gave her a dozen kisses, picked up the suit case, called a carriage and started for the train. He reached New York during the afternoon and went at once on board the steamer which was to sail early the next morning. He was about to lock his stateroom door on the suit case, when, remembering that there might be other keys that would unlock it, he took the dispatch out from under the cigars and put it in his pocket. If he was followed, with a view of stealing the document, his baggage was surely the first place the thief would look for it. In order to discover if the case had been opened for the purpose, in replacing the cigars he laid all of those on the top row with the ends in the same direction except one, which he reversed. Having done this he went on deck for air.

The next morning Maitland found himself out on the Atlantic ocean heading for the Gulf of Mexico. He walked the deck alone, having resolved not to make a single acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to his stateroom for a nap, and before lying down it occurred to him to examine his suitcase. Not that he really expected to find evidence of any one having been there, but simply to satisfy himself that it was as he had left it.

What was his astonishment to find every cigar in the box laid in the same direction. The one he had placed differently had been reversed.

The discovery took his breath away. After all, his wife was right. If there were those on his track who had already shown such skill in hunting for the document, what more would they do? Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The dispatch was there. But he did not feel assured that it would be there when he arrived at Vera Cruz. He vowed that no one should during the passage come within arm's length of him.

He tapped in his berth and read a novel which he had brought with him during the afternoon and evening, not leaving his stateroom. The next morning he passed on deck. He expected every moment that some man would attempt to make his acquaintance. No man did, but a very pretty young woman sitting in a steamer chair looked at him as he passed her and cast down her long Spanish lashes. Every time he passed in pacing back and forth she gave him the same glance and the same downward sweep. He suspected her at once and put himself on his guard.

With the exception of the Spanish woman there was no evidence of any person or persons shadowing him. But on the second day out an old lady with very white hair came up the companionway and looked about for a seat. The ship was rolling, and Maitland, taking hold of her arm, supported her to a steamer chair. She thanked him, but he would have nothing to do with her. Surely he had reason to suspect every one. The old lady besides thanking him made some commonplace remark, to which it would have been polite for him to respond, but he turned from her as though she had some infectious disease.

Several times after that he surveyed her from a distance and noticed that she looked very peculiar. Indeed, after scrutinizing her one afternoon as she sat dozing in her steamer chair it occurred to him that she was a young person disguised as an old woman. When the day before the ship was due at Vera Cruz he saw her and the young Spanish woman sitting side by side and talking confidentially he made up his mind that they had been sent out from Washington to steal his dispatch and that one or both of them had already opened his suit case. Probably one did the work while the other kept watch.

A few hours before his arrival in port Maitland went to his stateroom, took the dispatch from his pocket and looked at it. He felt very happy. If he had got it so far on the journey despite those who were trying to get it from him surely he could do what little remained. Replacing it, he picked up his cigarette case, which he had left on a shelf, helped a cigarette and, lying down with his head toward the door, began to read. He soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

When he awoke the ship was in port. He felt nauseated. Something had happened. He reached his hand to his side pocket.

The dispatch was gone.

"Beaten after all," he groaned.

Starting up, he staggered out and on to the deck. No one had gone ashore. A last hope occurred to him. He would have the two women arrested on a trumped up charge. There they were near the companionway. He rushed forward and, seeing a policeman on the dock, beckoned to him. The man met him on the companionway, and Maitland, slipping a ten dollar bill into his hand, told him that there were two women thieves on board who had robbed him. When the women reached the dock they were taken into custody. They made a great ado at their arrest, asserting their innocence.

"I am an American," said the old lady, "and I demand to be taken before the United States consul."

"I will take you to the consulate," said Maitland, "provided your confederate will consent to go with us."

The old lady persuaded the other woman to make no objection, assuring her that it was their best course. Maitland called a carriage, and the three travelers entered, the policeman climbing to the box. On reaching the consulate Maitland insisted that the Spanish woman go in with them. He did not dare leave her in the carriage. She seemed indifferent about it, and the three went in together. The consul being engaged at the time they were placed in the waiting room.

While waiting, Maitland, facing the old lady, scrutinized her. What was there that was familiar about her? Suddenly—the Spanish woman's back was turned—she gave him a smile.

He recognized his wife.

Rising, Julie went into the hall, Maitland following her.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's safe."

"Where?"

"In my corsage."

"How did you come by it?"

"I've had it all the time. When I handed you the cigar box in Washington it contained a dummy. I kept the dispatch."

"Who opened my suit case?"

"The woman in there."

"How do you know?"

"I saw plainly that she had been sent to delay the delivery of the dispatch and, pretending that I was on the same errand, won her confidence, and we agreed to work together. After she found the envelope was not in your suit case she was sure you had it on your person. You were very careless to leave your cigarettes in your stateroom. She picked the lock with a skeleton key, went in and replaced your cigarettes with those that had been drugged. When you were asleep she robbed you."

"And the dummy? What did she say when she discovered that?"

"She cried. Had she secured the dispatch she would have been paid $100,000."

While Julie was explaining she was opening her dress, took out the real dispatch and handed it to her husband. Returning to the room he had left, he told the Spanish woman that he had found the missing article, apologized and said she might go where she liked.

When Maitland delivered his dispatch his wife did not appear in the transaction. He was well launched in the profession he had chosen.

The Gargoyle Bedstead

It Was a Valuable Heirloom.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Flora, here is a letter from Chesley, your Uncle William's lawyer, and he has inclosed a copy of the will.

"Did he leave it to me?"

"Of course he did. Don't be foolish, my dear. Listen:

"I, William Gray, being of sound mind, etc., do give and bequeath to my grandniece, Isabel Gray, her heirs and assigns forever, my Sheraton sideboard and the sum of $2,000; to my grandniece, Flora Gray Winchester, her heirs and assigns, the mahogany bedstead which stands in my own chamber and which is known as the Gargoyle bedstead, together with the sum of $1,000."

"Where shall we put it, Harry?" interrupted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly.

"Put it? You don't expect to get it into this flat?"

"We must have it here. I wouldn't examine it there with Isabel looking on, and, besides, it is such a journey down to Richmond. Anyway you cannot spare the time to go down now, and we must examine it together. I want to get it here as soon as possible. Who knows but Isabel or some of the others might find the diary of Nancy Gray and learn the secret? My inheritance would be worthless!" Mrs. Winchester's voice trembled.

"Oh, all right," said Winchester tractably. "But how the deuce you expect to get it in here I don't quite see. It's a very large piece of furniture, isn't it?"

"Now, Harry dear," she cried, with one plump hand over his lips, "that bed must be gotten into this flat somehow! First, I will finish my letter to Mr. Chesley and let Norah post it at once. I can hardly wait to see the bedstead, Harry, and I don't dare dream of what will be ours when the secret of the bedstead is disclosed. Do you think, dear, I was wrong not to tell Uncle William about the diary of Nancy Gray I found in the garret?"

"Well, truthfully speaking, I'm afraid it wasn't treating the old gentleman quite on the square."

Two weeks afterward, while Mr. Winchester was engaged in a most important business transaction, he was summoned to the telephone.

"Yes, this is Winchester. What? Oh, the bedstead there? I can't possibly leave at present—I can't help it—tell them to send it up tomorrow—I know it's important—d—— the bedstead! No, I didn't speak. Yes, I will come home early. Goodby!"

When he reached the Etruscan apartments that evening Winchester was fortified with a box of candy and a huge bunch of violets. He stepped to the elevator and pressed the button. A faint tinkle responded from some depth below.

Presently the janitor emerged from an obscure doorway and surveyed him with an unpleasant eye.

"It ain't a-runnin'," he said gruffly.

"Poor management," commented Winchester as he prepared to conquer the eight flights that barred him from home and dinner.

"Huh!" exploded the man. "What with the freight elevator outer order and people breakin' windows movin' in big stuff and them chumps a-tryin' to put the feet board in my passenger car and a-tearin' a lady's dress and her the landlord's sister-in-law"— He glared wrathfully at the vanishing form of Winchester.

Opening the door of his apartment, rampant disorder met his eye. A huge, dark form almost covered the floor of the tiny parlor, which in its chaotic disturbance looked strangely unfamiliar to the master of the house.

In the library Flora reclined on a couch before the bright gas log, while sympathetic Norah applied wet cloths to her mistress' aching head. Wreckage from the parlor impeded progress at every step.

"My dear girl!" he uttered.

She turned a woebegone face to his. "Such a time as they had trying to get it in the window! They were saucy because the window was too small, and one of them pulled it in with a jerk, and it struck the chandelier—the pieces of glass fell on my Wedgwood vase, and that is broken. I—I am quite discouraged!"

With a restless glance toward the parlor, where the gigantic bedstead lay like some dark shadow on his little home, and with an unpleasant recollection of the snorting janitor below stairs and of the generous tip it would require to reduce him to his customary state of patronizing familiarity, Winchester endeavored to soothe his wife's shattered nerves, and together they obeyed Norah's summons to a belated dinner.

At table Mrs. Winchester drew a folded paper from her gown.

"This is the page I copied from the diary of Nancy Gray, Harry," she said, spreading it open before her. "I thought I would refresh my memory as to the exact location of the secret spring.

"'Richmond, Va., April 21, 1864,'" read Mrs. Winchester in solemn accents. "'I am greatly alarmed for the safety of Grandmother Binpah's diamonds, and have vainly tried to find a hiding place for them. The Yankees are digging up every inch of ground on the adjacent plantations searching for buried treasure, and I am quite at a loss to find a safe place for our heirlooms.

"'April 22.—Such an excellent idea! I have just recollected that there is a secret hiding place in Grandmother Binpah's mahogany bedstead. I will conceal the jewels there and will describe their hiding place so that in case anything happens to me one of our family may be able to recover them, even if the bedstead should be carried away.

"'First, one must observe the row of hideously grinning faces—"gargoyles," grandfather called them—that outline the top of the headboard; there are twenty-five of these gargoyles in all, and one must press the right eye of the thirteenth gargoyle from either end, when the face will swing outward, disclosing a cavity. Into this cavity I have dropped the leather bag containing the unset gems—they are worth many thousands of dollars—and I hope to recover them when the war is over.'"

Armed with hammer and screwdriver, husband and wife repaired to the parlor and locked themselves within, greatly to the disgust of the interested Norah, who availed herself of the keyhole as the only salve to her wounded self respect.

"My dear girl, how do you think I'm going to handle this thing alone? It weighs a ton! Why wasn't it put in the guest room?"

"The instant I saw it in the wagon I knew it would never fit into that room, so I told them to put it in here. We can remove it to the cellar afterward—or store it."

"It fits in here," remarked Winchester.

"Let us rip off the covering—I believe I know just where to place my finger on the spring! This is the headboard, of course, and here are the gargoyles!" cried Flora excitedly.

Winchester took out his knife and leisurely opened the blade. He lifted one corner of the bedstead, groaned and dropped it heavily.

There was a straining and snapping of cords as he applied his knife to the wrappings.

"Oh! Oh! I am just as nervous as I can be," cried Flora, regardless of her husband's groan as he dragged aside the covering and disclosed the rounded, polished top outlined by a semicircle of hideously carved faces.

"Joye, what a beast!" ejaculated Winchester, yet with a note of respect in his tone. "What a nightmare! Fancy wishing a guest 'pleasant dreams' and then introducing him to that couch! Whew! Now, which face, Flora, love?"

Mrs. Winchester triumphantly produced the paper from her laces and read solemnly: "'The thirteenth gargoyle from either end.'"

"The one in the middle, of course," announced Winchester.

"'Press the right eye,'" quoted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly. "I shall have them set in a glorious pendant, Harry!"

They hung expectantly over the bed.

"Now press!" she whispered slightly.

Winchester pressed.

"Nothing doing," he announced flatly.

"Press harder," urged his wife. "The secret spring has probably rusted. They do rust sometimes, don't they?"

"I never heard of one doing so. They always yield easily, and the door rolls noiselessly aside and leaves an aperture," said Winchester grimly.

"We must get it open!" cried his wife tearfully. "Try some of the other eyes, Harry."

"But why try the others, my dear? It says the middle one."

"There is—there must be a spring!" retorted Mrs. Winchester. "Why should Nancy have put it in her diary if there was not?"

"I give it up when you ask me to explain the vagaries of the female mind"— began Winchester as he viciously jabbed the eyes of all the gargoyles in turn without result.

Flora burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my darling," comforted her husband tenderly. "I'll find out the truth if I have to chop the confounded thing into kindlings!

"I wish I understood the meaning of it anyway," said Winchester presently when his wife had reached a degree of tranquillity where she could nibble a bonbon appreciatively.

Again the tears flowed. "I might just as well have had another thousand dollars!" wailed Flora.

Winchester's elbow knocked a small package from the table to the floor.

"What is this?" he asked, picking it up.

"An express parcel that came this afternoon. I haven't had time to look at it."

He ripped off the covers and looked stupidly at a small leather volume in his hand.

"The Diary of Nancy Gray!" he exclaimed. A letter fell from the book and he opened it eagerly.

"Read it!" commanded Flora impatiently. And he read as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Winchester—Your uncle, the late Mr. William Gray, has placed this little volume in my hands with instructions to turn it over to you after his death. Of course you are aware that your uncle wrote this fantastical little tale for his own amusement many years ago, but it was never published. You are probably in a position to recognize that your uncle's clever wit enabled him to take great liberties with your family history. As the present owner of the Gargoyle bedstead, this little book will prove to be of especial interest to you. Congratulating you on the possession of such a valuable antique, and with kind regards, I am, very sincerely yours,

"JEREMIAH CHESLEY."

The long silence was broken at last by a suppressed chuckle from Mr. Winchester.

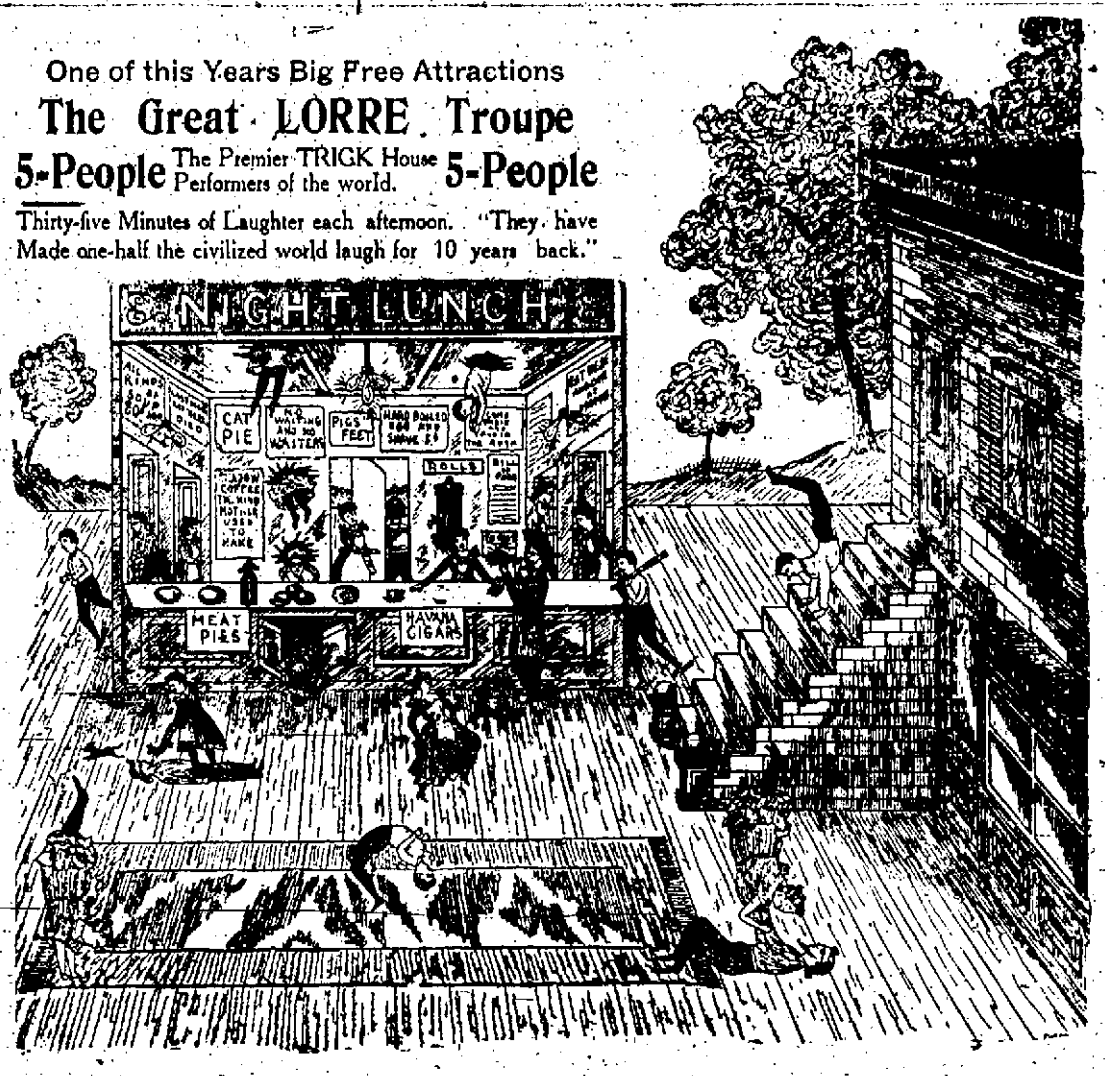
His wife buried her face in the sofa pillows. "Brute!" she sobbed bitterly. And Winchester is still wondering whom she meant.

One of this Years Big Free Attractions

The Great LORRE Troupe

5-People The Premier TRICK House Performers of the world. **5-People**

Thirty-five Minutes of Laughter each afternoon. "They have Made one-half the civilized world laugh for 10 years back."



(Continued from first Page)

given the person so making entries.

No article can be entered for premium without appearing in the 1910 Premium List, which may be obtained at the Secretary's office. 'Phone or write. Persons desiring to enter horses should notify Geo. Richards, Superintendent of Horse Department at once in order to get good stall room. The exhibit of horses will be very large this year. In fact in all departments the exhibits give promise of being better than at any previous fair. If it fails to come up to the expectations it will be the fault of the people themselves. The management offers every reasonable inducement. Any restrictions which may seem severe are made in order to insure fair treatment to every one concerned, that means exhibitors, patrons and those who have their money and the future of the fair at stake.

Now the above preachment is not intended for all, it is for those who are slow to realize their duty to the fair.

The amusement and entertainment end of the fair is now familiar to us all. The midway with its hot and luscious dog, the Ferris wheel to send your mother-in-law up in, with best wishes, the hokey-pokey and ice cream cones for the your best girl, the barkers and their shows, and the hundred and one other nimble nickle takers will all be there. The free attractions this year are very promising. Nebraska Bill's Wild West & Effete East and Indian Congress is heralded far and wide as an amusement enterprise of no small proportions. They put on the Wild West work in ancient form in front of the grandstand each day and give a complete circus performance on the midway twice each day, at popular prices. There will be polite vaudeville on the stage in front of the grandstand, tumbling gymnasts, balancing acts and a big bill to amuse all between heats of the races. The race program:

TUESDAY, Sept. 6.

2:30 Trot ..... Purse $300
Farmer's Race (no entry fee) .. .. Purse $ 25
Running Race 1½ mile) .. Purse $125

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7.

2:17 Trot ..... Purse $300
2:22 Pace ..... Purse $300
Running race (½ mile) .. Purse $125

THURSDAY, Sept. 8.

2:22 Trot ..... Purse $300
2:15 Pace ..... Purse $300
Running Race (½ mile) .. Purse $150

FRIDAY, Sept. 9.

2:30 Pace ..... Purse $300
3 yr. old Colt Trot or Pace, (½ mile heats) Purse $200
Running Race (½ mile) .. Purse $125

The prospect for horses was never better than this year. Agents of the Association are now at all the big fairs looking over the steppers and making arrangements for them to come here.

A special feature this year will be the music. Different bands every day from all over the county, no expense is spared to carry out this part of the program.

Wednesday will be Firemen's Day, at which time the Second Annual Tournament of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held. Parade of companies and apparatus to the grounds; Hose race; Hub and Hub race; Relay race; Prize Drills; Illuminated Parade and Grand Ball in the evening.

Thursday is Bradford Day and Grange Field Day. There will be a Baseball Game for Grange Championship of McKean County; Foot Races, and Athletic Contests for Grangers only; Speech by prominent Granger; and many special features for Bradford visitors are being arranged.

Friday is High School Day. Among other events there will be a Marathon Race; 100 yard Dash; Pole Vaulting; Jumping; Bicycle Races etc., for High School students. The giving away of the Auto will be conducted by the audience in the grandstand. And the big parade of Premium stock around the track.

The season ticket sale is opening fine. The automobile proposition is more popular than last year and well it should be, for the machine this year is worth nearly double what last year's one was. Buy your tickets early from your nearest neighbor that sells them, or write Secretary McCoy, who will give mail orders prompt attention.

The train service is as follows: Trains arrive on B., R. & P. R. R., Kushequa R. R. and P., S. & N., from Bradford, Ridgway, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intervening stations south at 9 a. m. By P. R. R. and P., S. & N. from Olean, Bolivar, Emporium, Austin, Coudersport, Port Allegany, Eldred at 10:10 11:20 and 11:50 a. m. By P. R. R. from Hamlin and Colegrove 9 a. m. Returning for north leave by P. R. R. at East Smethport station at 6:20 p. m., by P., S. & N. for St. Marys 5:50 p. m., by Kushequa for Ridgway 5:15, and for Bradford, Kane and Mt. Jewett 8 p. m. On Wednesday, special for Bradford and Kane leaving at 11 p. m., on Thursday for Olean, Bolivar, etc., by P., S. & N. leave 8 p. m. Special every day to Eldred by P. R. R. leaving after 6 p. m. A special rate of A FARE AND A THIRD for round trip has been named by above railroads. See small dodgers for further particulars.

We have given you but a meagre idea of the fair. Past experience has shown that the management is very conservative in making promises. Urge all your friends to get their work done and take a whole week off and come. Let us all help to make this Fair the greatest success of any yet held.

Bids for Remodeling

of the Travellers' Club House will be received till 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening. Plans and specifications may be seen at Club Rooms or at the Grange Bank. Aug. 25-1t

Green Corn.

At the following places you will find fresh home grown green corn from the garden of D. M. Brasted: Brownell's, Engstrom's, Brennan's and Brasted's Bakery. Aug. 18-2t

For Sale.

Folding bath tub and triple effect gas heater. Tub cost $35, will sell for $10. Inquire of R. Pearson at G. W. King's store, East Smethport. 1t

Students at Edinboro Normal are taught HOW and WHAT to study. Fall session begins Sept. 6, 1910. A circular and special catalog will be mailed on application to the Principal.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts;" be amended so that the same shall read as follows:—

Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same whenever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such maner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, exept that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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